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Isaac Newton

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With the best regards,
of C. P. Whipple

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825 WATTS (Isaac) HORÆ LYRICÆ, POEMS CHIEFLY OF THE LYRIC KIND, in Two Books. I. Songs, etc., sacred to devotion. II. Odes, Elegys, etc., to Vertue, Loyalty, and Friendship. London, printed by S. and D. Bridges, for John Lawrence, etc., 1705. FIRST EDITION, 8vo, a very fine copy in the new sprinkled calf extra, rough gilt edges, by RIVIERE 12.00

Isaac Watts was born at Southampton in 1674 and died in 1748. "Mr. Montgomery has claimed for him the honour of being 'almost the inventor of hymns in our language'; and the claim is not extravagant."



JUL 18 1936
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
HORÆ LYRICÆ.

POEMS,
Chiefly of the *Lyric kind*.
In Two Books.

I.

SONGS, &c. Sacred to DEVOTION.

II.

ODES, ELEGYS, &c. to VERTUE
Loyalty and Friendship.

By I. WATTS.

———*Si non Uranie lyram
Cœlestem cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Humanum refugit tendere barbiton.*

Horat. Od. 1. *Imitat.*

Ἄθανάστον μὲν πρῶτα θεῶν, καὶ ἔπειτα ἀγαθὸς
Ἦρωας τίμα. ————— Pythag. Aur. Carm.

L O N D O N,

Printed by S. and D. Bridge, for John Lawrence at
the Sign of the *Angel* in the *Poultry*. MDCCVI.



PREFACE.

IT has been a long Complaint of the Vertuous and Refined World, that Poesie whose Original is Divine, should be enslav'd to Vice and Profaneness ; that an Art inspired from Heaven should have so far lost the Memory of its Birth-place, as to be engaged in the Interests of Hell : and bring all her restless Forces of Metaphor, Wit, Rhyme and Number, and range them under the Banner of the Great Malicious Spirit to assault the Honour of God and the Souls of Men.

The Eldest Song which History has brought down to our Ears was a noble Act of Worship paid to the God of *Israel*, “ When his *Right hand* became glorious in Power, when thy *Right hand*, O Lord, dashed in pieces the Enemy ; the Chariots of Pharaoh and his Host were cast into the Red-Sea ; Thou didst blow with thy Wind, the Deep covered them, and they sank as Lead in the mighty Waters, *Exod. 15.* This Art was maintain'd Sacred thro' the following Ages of the Church, and imploy'd by Kings and Prophets, by *David*, *Solomon*, and *Isaiah*, in breathing the Life of Angels into the Hearts of Men, and rearing their Minds Heavenward in warm and tuneful Devotion.

The P R E F A C E.

In the Younger Days of Heathenism the Muses were devoted to the same Service : The Language in which Old *Hesiod* addresses them is this.

Μῆσαι Πιερίηθεν ἀοιδῆσι κλείσαι,
Δεῦτε, Δι' ἐννέπετε σφέτερον πάτερ' ὕμνευσαι.

In English.

*Pierian Muses, fam'd for Heavenly Lays,
Descend, and sing the God your Fathers Praise.*

And he pursues the Subject in ten Pious Lines, which I could not forbear to Transcribe if the Aspect and Sound of so much *Greek* were not terrifying to a nice Reader.

But some of the later Poets of the *Pagan* World have more debased this Divine Gift, and many of the Writers of first Rank in this our Age of National Christians have to their Eternal Shame surpassed the vilest of the Gentiles. They have Expos'd Religion to Drollery, and dress'd her up in the most Ridiculous Habit, for the Scorn of the ruder Herd of Mankind. They have painted the Vices like so many Goddesses, added the Charms of Wit to Debauchery, and heightned the Temptation where Nature needs the strongest Restraints. With Sweetness of Sound and Delicacy of Expression they have given a Relish to Blasphemies of the harshest kind, and when they rant at their Maker in Sonorous Numbers they fancy themselves to have acted the Hero well.

Thus

The P R E F A C E.

Thus almost in vain have the Throne and the Pulpit cried, *Reformation*, while the Stage and Licitious Poems have waged open War with the Pious Design of Church and State. The Press has spread the Poyson far, and scatter'd wide the Mortal Infection; Unthinking Youth have been allured to Sin beyond the Vicious Propensities of Nature, plung'd early into Diseases and Death, and sunk down to Damnation in Multitudes. How will these Allies of the Nether World, the Lewd and Profane Versifiers stand aghast before the Great Judge, when the Blood of many Souls whom they never saw shall be laid to the Charge of their Writings, and be dreadfully requir'd at their Hands. The Reverend Mr. Collier has set this Awful Scene before them in just and flaming Colours; and if the Application were not too rude and uncivil, that noble Stanza of my Lord Roscommon on *Psal. 148*, might be address'd to them,

*Ye Dragons, whose Contagious Breath
Peoples the dark Retreats of Death,
Change your dire Hissings into Heav'nly Songs,
And praise your Maker with your Forked Tongues.*

But alas! there is a deep Silence among these Men of all Divine Subjects, unless in Banter; The Wonders of Creating Power, the Mysteries of Redeeming Love, and the mighty Works of Renewing Grace are neglected by those, whom Heaven has indued with a Gift proper to adorn and cultivate 'em: An Art whose sweet Insinuations might have almost convey'd

The PREFACE.

convey'd Piety into resisting Nature, and melted Souls of Iron to the Love of Virtue.

Will the Writers of this Age cite the *French Critic* on their side, and say,

*De la Foy d'un Chrétien les Myfteres terribles
D'Ornemens egayez ne font point susceptibles :*

That the Myſteries of Chriſtianity are not capable of gay Ornaments: The *Davideis* and the two *Arthurs* have broke down this Obſtacle, and experimentally confuted the vain pretence.

Befides, the Chriſtian Myſteries have no need of theſe Tinfel Trappings; the Glories of our Religion in a plain Narration and a ſimple Dreſs have ſomething brighter and bolder in them, ſomething more ſurprizing and Divine, than all the Adventures of Gods and Heroes, all the dazling Images of falſe luſtre that compoſe and garniſh a Heathen Poem; here the Subjects themſelves would give wonderful Aids to the Muſe; and the Heavenly Theme would ſo relieve a dull Hour and a languiſhing Genius, that when the Muſe nods, the Senſe would burn and ſparkle upon the Reader, and keep him feelingly awake.

With how much leſs toil and expence might a *Dryden*, an *Otway*, a *Congreve*, or a *Dennis* furniſh out a Chriſtian Poem than a Modern Play; there is nothing amongſt all the Ancient Fables or Later Romances, that have two ſuch Extremes united in them, as the Eternal God becoming an Infant of Days, the Poſſeſſor of the Pallace of Heaven laid to Sleep

The P R E A C E.

Sleep in a Manger, the Holy *Jesus* who knew no Sin bearing the Sins of Men in his Body on the Tree, Agonies of Sorrow loading the Soul of him who was God over all Blessed for ever; and the Sovereign of Life stretching his Arms on a Cross, Bleeding and Expiring: The Heaven and the Hell in our Divinity are infinitely more delightful and dreadful than the Childish Figments of a Dog with three Heads, the Buckets of the *Belides*, the Furies with Snaky Hairs, or all the Flow'ry Stories of *Elysium*. And if we survey the one as Themes Divinely True, and the other as a Medley of Fooleries which we can never believe, the advantage for touching the Springs of Passion will fall infinitely on the side of the Christian Poet; our Wonder and our Love, our Pity, Delight, and Sorrow, with the long train of Hopes and Fears, must needs be under the Command of an Harmonious Pen, whose every Line makes a part of the Reader's Faith, and is the very Life or Death of his Soul.

If the trifling and incredible Tales that furnish out a Tragedy are so arm'd by Wit and Fancy as to become Sovereign of the Rational Powers, to triumph over all the Affections, and manage our Smiles and our Tears at pleasure; how wondrous a Conquest might be obtain'd over a wild World, and reduce it at least to Sobriety, if the same Happy Talent were employed in dressing the Scenes of Religion in their proper Figures of Majesty, Beauty and Terror. The Affairs of this Life with their reference to a Life to come, would shine bright in a Dramatick Description. The Anguish of inward Guilt, the secret Stings

The P R E F A C E .

and Racks and Scourges of Conscience, the sweet retiring Hours and Seraphical Joys of Devotion, the Victory of a Resolved Soul over a thousand Temptations, the Inimitable Love and Passion of a Dying God, the Awful Glories of the last Tribunal, the grand Decisive Sentence from which there is no Appeal, and the Consequent Transports or Horrors of the two Eternal Worlds. How would such a Performance call back the dying Piety of the Nation to Life and Beauty : It would make Religion appear like it self, and confound the Blasphemies of a profligate World, ignorant of Pious Pleasures.

But we have reason to fear that the Tuneful Men of our Day have not rais'd their Ambition to so Divine a Pitch ; I should rejoyce to see more of this Cœlestial Fire kindling within them, for the Flashes that break out in some present and past Writings betray an Infernal Source. This the Incomparable Mr. *Cowley* in the latter End of his Preface, and the Ingenious Sir *Richard Blackmore* in the beginning of his have so pathetically describ'd and lamented ; and I rather refer the Reader to mourn with them than detain and tire him here. These Gentlemen in their large and laboured Works of Poesie have given the World happy Examples of what they wish and encourage in Prose : The One in a rich Variety of Thought and Fancy ; the Other in all the Beauties of Profuse and Florid Diction.

If shorter Sonnets were compos'd on sublime Subjects, such as the Psalms of *David*, and the Holy Transports interspers'd in the other Sacred Writings, or such as the Moral Odes of *Horace*, and the An-

The PREFACE.

cient *Lyrics*, I perswade my self that the Christian Preacher would find abundant Aid from the Poet in his Design to diffuse Vertue and allure Souls to God. If the Heart were first inflam'd from Heaven, and the Muse were not left alone to form the Devotion and pursue a Cold Scent, but only call'd in as an Assistant to the Worship, then the Song would end where the Inspiration ceases; the whole Composure would be of a Piece, all Meridian Light and Meridian Fervor. And the same Pious Flame would be propagated and kept glowing in the Heart of him that reads. Some of the shorter Odes of the two Poets now mentioned, and a few of the Reverend Mr. Norris's Essays in Verse are convincing Instances of the Success of this Proposal.

'Tis my Opinion also that the free and unconfin'd Measures of *Pindar* would best maintain the Dignity of the Theme, as well as give a loose to the Devout Soul, nor check the Raptures of her Faith and Love. Tho' in my feeble Attempts of this kind I have most unhappily fetter'd my Thoughts in the narrow Numbers of our Old Psalm-Translators, I have contracted and cramp't the Sense, or render'd it obscure and feeble by the too speedy and regular returns of Rhime.

If my Friends expect a particular account of this or any other Circumstance relating to what I here Publish, they will be pleas'd to accept of this short one.

The

The P R E F A C E.

The T I T L E

Assures them that Poesy is not the Business of my Life, and if I seized those Hours of Leisure wherein my Soul was in a more sprightly and tuneful Frame to entertain them or my self with a Divine or Moral Song, I hope I shall find an Easy Pardon.

The S O N G S Sacred to D E V O T I O N

Were never written with a design to appear before the Judges of Wit, but only to assist the Meditations and Worship of Vulgar Christians, to whom the Measures of *Hopkins* by Custom are grown Familiar and Natural, and esteemed almost Sacred by being bound up in the same Volume with Scripture. These are but a small part of two hundred Hymns of the same kind which are ready for Public Use if the World receive favourably what I now present. The Reason that sent these out first, and divided them from their Fellows, is, that in most of These there are some Expressions which are not suited to the plainest Capacities, and differ too much from the usual Methods

The P R E F A C E.

Methods of Speech in which Holy Things are propos'd to the general Part of Mankind.

The ODES to V E R- TUE &c.

Were form'd when the Frame and Humour of my Soul was just suited to the Subject of my Verse: The Image of my Heart is painted in them; and if they meet with a Reader whose Soul is akin to mine, perhaps they may agreeably entertain him. The Dullness of the Fancy and Coarseness of Expression will disappear, the sameness of the Humour will create a Pleasure, and insensibly overcome and conceal the Defects of the Muse.

The IMITATIONS

Of that Noblest *Latin* Poet of Modern Ages *Cassimire Sarbiewski* of *Poland* would need no Excuse, did they but arise to the Beauty of the Original. I have often taken the Freedom to add ten or twenty Lines, or to leave out as many, that I might suit my Song more to my own Design, or because I found it Impossible to present the Force, the Fineness, and
the

The P R E F A C E.

the Fire of his Expression in our Language. I wish some *English* Pen would import some of the Treasures of that rich Genius and bless our Nation.

The INSCRIPTIONS

To particular Friends are warranted and defended by the Practise of the two best *Lyric* Writers *Horace* and *Casimire* : And tho' the Authority of the first be more Venerable, yet if in some Instances. I prefer the latter, I pray the Criticks to forgive me ; and I hope my Friends will excuse the Freedom of the Address.

In the POEMS of H E- R O I C Measure

I have attempted in Rhime the same variety of Cadence, Comma, and Period, which Blank Verse Glories in as its peculiar Elegance and Ornament.

The PREFACE.

In the PINDARIQUES

I have generally conformed my Lines to the shorter Size of the Ancients, and avoided to imitate the Excessive Lengths to which some Modern Writers have stretched their Sentences, and especially the concluding Verse. In these the Ear is the truest Judge, nor was it made to be enslav'd to any precise Model of Elder or Later Times.

After all, I must petition my Reader to lay aside the sour and fullen Air of Criticism, and to assume the Friend. Let him come with a design to be entertain'd and pleas'd, rather than to seek his own Disgust and Aversion, which will not be hard to find. I am not so Vain as to think there are no Faults, nor so Blind as to espy none: There is not one Copy that intirely pleases me: The best of them sinks vastly below the Idea which I form of a Divine or Moral Ode. He that deals in the Mysteries of Heaven, or of the Muses should be a Genius of no Vulgar Mould; and as the Name of *Vates* belongs to both, so the Furniture of Both is compriz'd in that Line of *Horace*,

————— *Cui Mens Divinior, atque Os*
Magna Locuturum —————

But

The P R E F A C E.

But what *Juvenal* spake in his Age abides true in ours: A compleat Poet or a Prophet is such an one

—*Qualem nequeo monstrare, & sentio tantum.*

Perhaps neither of these Characters in Perfection shall ever be seen on Earth, till the Seventh Angel has sounded his Awful Trumpet, till the Victory be compleat over the Beast and his Image; when the Natives of Heaven shall joyn in Triumphal Consort with Prophets and Tuneful Saints, and Sing unto their Golden Harps, *Salvation Honour and Glory to him that sits upon the Throne, and to the Lamb for ever.*

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BOOK I.

Songs and Hymns

Sacred to

DEVOTION.

THE

Divine Sovereignty.

I.

Great God, indulge a Mortal Tongue,
Nor let thy Thunders roar
Whilst little Notes and feeble Song
Attempt th' Eternal Pow'r.

II.

Life, Death, and Hell, and Worlds unknown
Hang on thy firm Decree ;
Thou sit'st on no precarious Throne,
Nor Borrowest leave to Be.

III.

Thy Sovereign Voice bids ancient Night
Her Spacious Realms resign,
And Lo ! ten Thousand Globes of Light
In Fields of Azure shine.

IV.

Thy Wisdom with Superiour Sway
Guides this vast moving Frame ;
Whilst all the Ranks of Being pay
Deep Reverence to thy Name.

V.

Vengeance attends t' obey thy Frown,
And Blessings wait thy Smile ;
A Wreath of Lightning arms thy Crown,
But Love adorns it still.

VI.

Unnumber'd Wonders in thee meet,
And various Glory shines;
The Crossing Rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting Minds.

VII.

Angels are lost in sweet Surprise
If thou unvail thy Grace;
And humble Awe runs thro' the Skies
When Wrath arrays thy Face.

VIII.

When Mercy joyns with Majesty
To spread their Beams abroad,
Not all the fairest Minds on high
Are Shadows of a God.

IX.

Thy Mighty Works Great *Gabriel* Sings
In a too feeble Strain;
And labours upon all his Strings
To reach thy Thoughts in vain.

X.

Created Powers how weak they be!

How short our Praises fall!

So much akin to Nothing We,

And Thou th' Eternal All.

THE

Transcendent Glories

OF THE

D E I T Y.

I.

GOD is a Name my Soul adores ;

Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One :

Nature and Grace with all their Powers

Confess the Infinite Unknown.

II.

From thy Great Self thy Being Springs ;

Thou art thine own Original ;

Made up of Uncreated Things,
And Self-Sufficiency bears them all.

III.

Thy Voice hath form'd the Seas and Spheres,
Bid the Waves roar, and Planets shine ;
But Nothing like thy Self appears
Thro' all these Spacious Works of thine.

IV.

Still rolling Nature dies and grows ;
From Change to Change the Creatures run :
Thy Being no Succession knows,
And all thy vast Designs are One.

V.

A Glance of thine runs thro' the Globes,
Rules the Bright Worlds, and moves their Frame :
Broad Sheets of Light compose thy Robes ;
Thy Guards are form'd of living Flame.

VI.

Thrones and Dominions round thee fall
And Worship in Submissive Forms ;
Thy Presence shakes this lower Ball,
This little Dwelling Place of Worms.

VII.

Then how shall trembling Mortals dare
 To sing thy Glory or thy Grace ;
 Beneath thy Feet we lie so far,
 And see but Shadows of thy Face ?

VIII.

Who can behold the Blazing Light ?
 Who can approach Consuming Flame ?
 None but thy Wisdom knows thy Might ;
 None but thy Word can speak thy Name.

GOD

G O D

Appears most Glorious

I N O U R

Salvation by CHRIST.

I.

FAther, how wide thy Glory shines !
How high thy Wonders rise !
Known thro' the Earth by thousand Signs,
By thousand thro' the Skies.

II.

Those mighty Orbs proclaim thy Power,
Their Motions speak thy Skill ;
And on the Wings of every Hour
We read thy Patience still.

III.

Part of thy Name Divinely stands

On all thy Creatures writ;

They show the Labour of thine Hands;

Or Impress of thy Feet.

IV.

But when We view thy Strange Design

To save Rebellious Worms,

Where Vengeance and Compassion joyn

In their Divinest Forms:

V.

Our Thoughts are lost in Reverend Awe,

We Love and we Adore;

The tallest Angel never saw

So much of God before.

VI.

Here the whole Deity is known,

Nor dares a Creature guess

Which of the Glories brightest shone,

The Justice or the Grace.

VII.

When we transgress'd the Fathers Laws,
The dying Son atones ;
Oh the Dear Mysteries of his Cross!
The Triumph of his Groans!

VIII.

Now the full Glories of the Lamb
Adorn the Heavenly Plains ;
And the Young Cherubs learn his Name,
And try their choicest Strains.

IX.

O may I bear some humble Part
In that Immortal Song ;
Wonder and Joy shall tune my Heart,
And Love command my Tongue.

A N

Hymn of Praise

T O

The God of *ENGLAND*,

F O R

Three Great Salvations.

(V I Z.)

- I. *From the Spanish Invasion, 1588.*
- II. *From the Gunpowder-Plot, Nov. 5.*
- III. *From Popery and Slavery by King William of
Glorious Memory, who landed Nov. 5. 1688.*

Compos'd Nov. 5. 1695.

I.

INfinite God, whose Counsels stand
 Like Mountains of Eternal Brass,
 Pillars to prop our Sinking Land,
 Or Guardian Rocks to break the Seas.

II.

II.

From Pole to Pole thy Name is known,
Thee a Whole Heaven of Angels praise,
Our Laboring Tongues would strike thy Throne
With the Loud Triumphs of thy Grace.

III.

Part of thy Church by thy Command
Stands rais'd upon the *Brittish* Isles,
There, said the Lord, to Ages stand
Firm as the Everlasting Hills.

IV.

In vain the *Spanish* Ocean roar'd,
And roll'd its Billows to our Shore;
The Billows sunk beneath thy Word,
And all the Floating War they bore.

V.

Come, said the Sons of bloody *Rome*,
Let us provide new Arms from Hell,
And down they digg'd thro' Earth's dark Womb,
And ranfack'd all the burning Cell.

VI.

VI.

Old *Satan* lent them fiery Stores,
 Infernal Coal, and Sulph'rous Flame,
 And all that burns, and all that roars,
 Outrageous Fires of dreadful Name.

VII.

Beneath the Senate and the Throne
 Engines of Hellish Thunder lay,
 There the dark Seeds of Fire were sown
 To spring a Bright, but dismal Day.

VIII.

Thy Love beheld the black Design,
 Thy Love that Guards thine *England* round;
 Strange! how it quench'd the fiery Mine,
 And crush'd the Tempest under Ground.

T H E
Second Part.

I.

A Ssume my Tongue a Nobler Strain,
Sing the New Wonders of the Lord;
The Foes revive their Pow'rs again,
Again they die beneath his Sword.

II.

Dark as our Thoughts our Minutes roll
While Tyranny possesst the Throne;
And Murtherers of an *Irish* Soul
Ran threatening Death thro' every Town.

III.

The *Roman* Priest and *Brittish* Prince
Joyn'd their best Force and blackest Charms;
And the fierce Troops of neighbouring *France*
Offer'd the Service of their Arms.

IV.

IV.

'Tis done, they cry'd, and laught aloud,
 The Courts of Darknefs rang with Joy,
 Th' Old Serpent his'd, and Hell grew proud,
 While *Zion* mourn'd her Ruine nigh.

V.

But lo ! The great Deliverer Sails
 Commiſſion'd from *Jehovah's* Hand ;
 And Smiling Seas, and wiſhing Gales
 Convey him to the longing Land.

VI.

The happy Day and happy Year Nov. 5. 1688.
 Both in our new Salvation meet :
 The Day that quencht the Burning Snare, Nov. 9.
 And Year that burnt th' Invading Fleet. 1588.

VII.

Now did thine Arm, O God of Hoſts,
 Now did thine Arm ſhine dazling bright ;
 The Sons of Might their Hands had loſt,
 And Men of Blood forgot to fight.

VIII.

VIII.

Brigades of Angels lin'd the way,
And guarded *William* to his Throne;
There, ye Celestial Warriours, stay,
And make his Palace like your own.

IX.

Thus, Mighty God, thy Praise Divine
From Heaven and Earth at once shall flow;
Angels and Men conspire and joyn
In *Hallelujahs*, here below.

X.

All *Hallelujah*, Heavenly King,
Tis thy Victorious Arm we sing;
Fly round the Globe, ye Ecchoing Joys,
And vaulted Skies repeat the Noise.

GOD

GOD Incomprehensible.

I.

FAR in the Heav'ns my God retires,
My God, the point of my Desires,
And hides his Lovely Face ;
When he descends within my View
He charms my Reason to pursue,
But leaves it tir'd and fainting in th' unequal Chase.

II.

Or if I reach unusual height,
Till near his Presence brought ;
There Floods of Glory check my Flight,
Cramp the bold Pinions of my Wit
And all untune my Thought ;
Plung'd in a Sea of Light I roll,
Where Wisdom, Justice, Mercy Shines ;
Infinite Rays in Crossing Lines
Beat thick Confusion on my Sight, and overwhelm
my Soul.

III.

Come to my aid, ye Fellow-Minds,
And help me reach the Throne,
(What single Strength in vain designs,
United Force hath done ;
Thus Worms may Joyn, and grasp the Poles,
Thus Atoms fill the Sea,)
But the whole Race of Creature-Souls,
Stretch'd to their last extent of Thought plunge and
are lost in Thee.

IV.

Great God ; behold my Reason lies
Adoring ; yet my Love would rise
On Pinions not her own :
Faith shall direct her humble Flight
'Thro' all the trackless Seas of Light
To Thee th' Eternal Fair, the Infinite Unknown.

SICKNESS

GIVES A

Sight of HEAVEN.

I.

OFT have I sat in Secret Sighs
To feel my Flesh decay,
'Then groan'd aloud with frightened Eyes
To view this tott'ring Clay.

II.

But I forbid my Sorrows now,
Nor dares the Flesh complain,
Diseases bring their Profit too ;
The Joy o'recomes the Pain.

III.

My chearful Soul now all the Day
Sits waiting here and Sings ;

Looks

Looks thro' the Ruins of her Clay,
And practises her Wings.

IV.

Faith almost changes into Sight,
While from afar she Spies
Her fair Inheritance in Light
Above created Skies.

V.

Had but the Prison-Walls been strong,
And firm without a flaw,
In Darknes she had dwelt too long,
And less of Glory saw.

VI.

But now the Everlasting Hills
Thro' every Chink appear,
And something of the Joy she feels
While she's a Pris'ner here.

VII.

The Shines of Heaven rush sweetly in
At all the Gaping Flaws,
Visions of Endless Bliss are seen,
And Native Air she draws:

VIII.

O may these Walls stand tott'ring still,
The Breaches never close,
If I must here in Darknes dwell,
And all this Glory lose.

IX.

Or rather let this Flesh decay,
The Ruins wider grow,
Till glad to see the Enlarged way
I stretch my Pinions thro'.

THE
Universal Hallelujah,
OR,
PSALM 148.

PARAPHRAS'D.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord each Heavenly Tongue
That sits around his Throne :
Jesus the Man shall lead the Song,
The God inspire the Tune.

II.

Gabriel and all th' Immortal Quire
That fill the Realms above,
Sing, for he form'd you of his Fire,
And feeds you with his Love.

C 3

III.

III.

Shine to his Praise ye Chrystal Skies,
The Floor of his Abode,
Or vail your little twinkling Eyes
Before a brighter God.

IV.

Thou rolling Globe of Golden Light
Whose Beams Create our Days,
Joyn with the Silver Queen of Night
To own your borrow'd Rays.

V.

Blush and refund the Honours paid
To your inferiour Names ;
Tell the blind World, your Orbs are fed
By his O'reflowing Flames.

VI.

Winds, ye shall bear his Name aloud
Thro' the Ethereal Blue,
For when His Chariot is a Cloud
He makes his Wheels of you.

VII.

Thunder and Hail, and Fires and Storms,
The Troops of his Command,

Appear

Appear in all your Dreadful Forms,
And speak his awful Hand.

VIII.

Shout to the Lord, ye Surging Seas,
In your Eternal Roar,
Let Wave to Wave resound his Praise,
And Shore reply to Shore :

IX.

While Monsters rolling on the Flood
In Scaly Silver shine,
Speak terribly their Maker-God,
And lash the foaming Brine.

X.

But Gentler Things shall tune his Name
To softer Notes than these,
Young *Zephyrs* breathing o're the Stream,
Or whispering thro' the Trees.

XI.

Wave your tall Heads, ye lofty Pines,
To him that bid you grow,
Sweet Clusters, bend the fruitful Vines
On every Thankful Bough.

XII.

Let the shrill Birds his Honour raise,
And tune it in the Sky :
While groveling Beasts attempt his Praise
With hoarser Harmony.

XIII.

Thus while the meaner Creatures sing,
Ye Mortals take the Sound,
Eccho the Glories of your King
Thro' all the Nations round.

XIV.

Th' Eternal Name must fly abroad
From *England* to *Japan* ;
And the whole Race shall bow to God
That owns the Name of Man.

THE
Love of CHRIST
ON
His CROSS
AND
On His THRONE.

I.

NOW let my Faith grow strong and rise,
And view my Lord in all his Love ;
Look back to hear his Dying Cries,
Then mount and see his Throne above.

II.

See where he Languish'd on the Cross ;
Beneath my Sins he groan'd and dy'd ;
See where he sits to plead my Cause
By his Almighty Father's Side.

III.

III.

If I behold his Bleeding Heart,
There Love in Floods of Sorrow reigns,
He triumphs o're the Killing Smart,
And buys my Pleasure with his Pains.

IV.

Or if I climb th' Eternal Hills
Where the dear Conqueror sits enthron'd,
Still in his Heart Compassion dwells
Near the Memorials of his Wound.

V.

How shall a pardon'd Rebel show
How much I Love my Dying God ?
Lord, here I banish every Foe,
I hate the Sins that Cost thy Blood.

VI.

I hold no more Commerce with Hell,
My dearest Lufts shall all depart ;
But let thine Image ever dwell
Stamp'd as a Seal upon my Heart.

D E A T H

A

Welcome Messenger.

I.

LORD, when we see a Saint of thine
Lie gasping out his Breath,
With Longing Eyes, and Looks Divine,
Smiling, and pleas'd in Death ;

II.

How we could e'en contend to lay
Our Limbs upon that Bed,
And ask thine Envoy to convey
Our Spirits in his stead.

III.

Our Souls are rising on the Wing
To venture in his Place,

For

For when grim Death has lost his Sting,
He has an Angels Face.

I V.

Jesus, then purge my Crimes away,
'Tis Guilt creates my Fears,
'Tis Guilt gives Death its fierce Array,
And all the Arms it bears.

V.

Oh, if my threatening Sins were gone,
And Death had lost his Sting,
I could invite the Angel on,
And chide his lazy Wing.

V I.

Away these interposing Days,
And let the Lovers meet ;
The Angel has a cold Embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet.

V I I.

I'de leap at once my Seventy Years,
And fly into his Arms,
And lose my Breath and all my Cares
Amidst those Heavenly Charms.

VIII.

Joyful I'd lay this Body down,
And leave the lifeless Clay,
Without a Sigh, without a Groan,
And Stretch and soar away.

Sincere Praise.

I.

Almighty Maker God !
How wondrous is thy Name !
Thy Glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' the Creations Frame !

II.

Nature in every Dress
Her humble Homage Pays,
And takes a Thousand Ways t' express
Thine Undissembled Praise.

III.

In Native White and Red
The Rose and Lilly stand,

And

And free from Pride their Beauties spread
To shew thy skilful Hand.

I V.

The Lark mounts up the Sky
With Unambitious Song,
And bears her Maker's Praise on high
Upon her Artless Tongue.

V.

My Soul would rise and Sing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my Tongue adore my King,
And Pay the Worship due.

VI.

But Pride that busie Sin
Spoils all that I perform,
Curs'd Pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty Worm.

V I I.

Thy Glories I abate,
Or praise thee with Design ;
Some of thy Favours I forget,
Or would have something mine.

VIII.

The very Songs I frame
Are Faithless to thy Cause,
And steal the Honours of thy Name
Unto their own Applause.

IX.

Create my Soul anew,
Else all my Worship's vain ;
This wretched Heart will ne'er be true
Until 'tis form'd again.

X.

Descend Celestial Fire,
And seize me from above,
Melt me in Flames of pure Desire
A Sacrifice to Love.

XI.

Let Joy and Worship spend
The Remnant of my Days,
And to my God my Soul ascend
In sweet Perfumes of Praise.

G O D's Infinity.

I.

SOME Seraph, lend your Heavenly Tongue,
Or Harp of Golden String,
That I may raise a lofty Song
To our Eternal King.

II.

Thy Names, how Infinite they be !
Great Everlasting One !
Boundless thy Might and Majesty,
And Unconfined thy Throne.

III.

Thy Glories shine of Wondrous Size,
And wondrous Large thy Grace,
Immortal Day breaks from thine Eyes,
And *Gabriel* Vails his Face.

IV.

Thine Essence is a vast Abyss
Which Angels cannot sound,

An Ocean of Infinities

Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

V.

The Mysteries of Creation lie

Beneath Enlightned Minds,

Thoughts can ascend above the Sky,

And fly before the Winds.

VI.

Reason may grasp the Massie Hills,

And stretch from Pole to Pole,

But Half thy Name our Spirit fills,

And Overloads our Soul.

VII.

In vain our Haughty Reason swells,

For Nothing's found in Thee

But Boundless Unconceivables,

And Vast Eternity.

D

LONG-

LONGING FOR
The Second Coming
OF
CHRIST.

I.

WHEN shall thy Shining Face be seen?
When shall our Eyes behold our God?
What lengths of Distance lie between,
And Hills of Guilt, a Heavy Load!

II.

Our Months are Ages of Delay,
And slowly every Minute wears;
Fly winged Time, and roll away
These tedious Rounds of Sluggish Years.

III.

Ye Heavenly Gates, loose all your Chains,
Let the Eternal Pillars bow,

Dear Saviour, Cleave the Starry Plains,
And make the Chrystal Mountains flow.

IV.

Hark how thy Saints unite their Cries,
And pray and wait the General Doom,
Come, thou the Soul of all our Joys,
Thou the Desire of Nations, come.

V.

Put thy bright Robes of Triumph on,
And bless our Eyes, and bless our Ears,
Thou absent Love, thou Dear Unknown,
Thou Fairest of ten thousand Fairs.

VI.

Our Heart-strings groan with deep Complaint,
Our Flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee,
And every Limb and every Joynt
Stretches for Immortality.

VII.

Our Spirits shake their Eager Wings,
And burn to meet thy rolling Throne,
We rise away from Mortal things
To attend thy Shining Chariot down!

VIII.

Now let our Chearful Eyes survey
The blazing Earth and melting Hills,
And smile to see the Lightnings play,
And flash along before thy Wheels.

IX.

O for a shout of Violent Joys
To Joyn the Trumpets thundring sound !
The Angel Herald shakes the Skies,
Awakes the Graves, and tears the Ground.

X.

Ye Slumbring Saints, a Heavenly Host
Stands waiting at your gaping Tombs,
Let every Sacred Sleeping Dust
Leap into Life, for *Jesus* comes.

XI.

Jesus the God of Might and Love
New moulds our Limbs of Cumbrous Clay,
Quick as Seraphick Flames we move,
Active and Young and Fair as they.

XII.

Our airy Feet with unknown flight
Swift as the motions of Desire
Run up the Hills of Heavenly Light,
And leave the Weltring World in Fire.

THE
Sufferings and Glories
OF
CHRIST.

A SONG. *In Trisyllable Feet.*

I.

I Long for a Consort of Heavenly Praise,
To *Jesus* the God, the Omnipotent Son,
My Voice should awake in Harmonious Lays,
Could it tell half the Wonders that *Jesus* has done.

II.

I would sing how he left his own Palace of Light,
And Robes made of Glory that dress'd him above ;
Yet pleas'd with his Journey, and swift was his Flight,
For he rode on the Pinions of Infinite Love.

III.

Far down to the Place of our distant Abode
He came (we adore him) to raise us on high ;
He came to atone the Revenge of a God,
And he took up a Life to be able to die.

IV.

All Hell and its Lyons stood Roaring around,
His Flesh and his Spirit with Malice they tore ;
While Worlds of Sorrow lay pressing him down,
As vast as the Burden of Sins that he bore.

V.

Fast bound in the Chains of Imperious Death
The Infinite Captive a Prisoner lay,
The Infinite Captive arose from the Earth,
And leap't to the Hills of Ethereal Day.

VI.

V I.

Then mention no more of the Wrath of a God ;
Of the Lyons of Hell and their Roarings no more ;
We lift up our Eyes to his Shining Abode,
And our loudest *Hosannahs* his Name shall adore.

V I I.

We crown the Triumpher with the Honours he won,
Hosannah thro' all the Cœlestial Groves !
The God and the Man ! how he fills up his Throne !
How He sits ! how He shines ! how He looks ! how
He Loves !

V I I I.

O happy ye Heavens, and happy ye Hills
Where he treads with his Feet and diffuseth his Grace,
While Mercy and Majesty, Glories and Smiles
Play gently around the sweet Air of his Face.

I X.

Amongst a full Choir of Archangels and Songs
The Mighty Redeemer Eternally reigns,
And the Sound of his Name from a Million of
Tongues
Flies o're the bright Mountains and blesses the Plains.

T H E
Day of Judgment.

An O D E,
Attempted in English Sapphick.

I.

WHEN the Fierce North-wind with his
Airy Forces
Rears up the *Baltick* to a foaming Fury,
And the red Lightning with a Storm of Hail comes
Rushing amain down,

II.

How the poor Sailers stand amaz'd and tremble !
While the hoarse Thunder like a Bloody Trumpet
Roars a loud onset to the gaping Waters
Quick to devour them.

III.

III.

Such shall the Noise be and the Wild disorder,
(If things Eternal may be like these Earthly)
Such the dire Terror when the great Archangel
Shakes the Creation,

IV.

Tears the strong Pillars of the Vault of Heaven,
Breaks up old Marble the Repose of Princes;
See the Graves open, and the Bones arising,
Flames all around 'em.

V.

Hark the shrill Out-cries of the Guilty Wretches !
Lively bright Horror and amazing Anguish
Stare thro' their Eyelids, while the living Worm lies
Gnawing within them.

VI.

Thoughts like old Vultures prey upon their Heart-
strings,
And the smart twinges, when their Eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a Flood of Vengeance
Rolling afore him.

VII.

VII.

Hopeless Immortals! how they scream and shiver
 While Devils push them to the Pit wide Yawning
 Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong
 Down to the Centre.

VIII.

Stop here my Fancy: (All away ye horrid
 Doleful Ideas;) Come arise to *Jesus*,
 How he fits Godlike! And the Saints around him
 Thron'd and adoring!

IX.

O may I sit there when he comes Triumphant
 Dooming the Nations: Then arise to Glory,
 While our *Hosannahs* all along the Passage
 Shout the Redeemer.

Confession and Pardon.

I.

A LAS my aking Heart !
Here the keen Torment lies ;
It racks my waking Hours with Smart,
And frights my Slumbring Eyes.

II.

Guilt will be hid no more,
My Griefs take vent apace,
The Crimes that blot my Conscience o're
Flush Crimson in my Face.

III.

My Sorrows like a Flood
Impatient of Restraint
Into thy Bosom, O my God,
Pour out a long Complaint.

I V.

This impious Heart of mine
Could once defie the Lord,
Could rush with Violence on to Sin
In presence of thy Sword.

V.

As often have I stood
A Rebel to the Skies,
The Calls, the Tenders of a God,
And Mercies Loudest cries.

V I.

He offers all his Grace,
And all his Heaven to me ;
Offers ! But 'tis to senseless Brass
That can nor feel nor see.

V I I.

Jesus the Saviour stands
To court me from above,
And looks and spreads his wounded Hands,
And shows the Prints of Love.

VIII.

But I, a stupid Fool,
How long have I withstood
The Blessings purchas'd with his Soul,
And paid for all in Blood?

IX.

The Heav'nly Dove came down
And tender'd me his Wings,
To mount me upward to a Crown
And bright Immortal things.

X.

Lord, I'm ashamed to say
That I refus'd thy Dove,
And sent thy Spirit griev'd away
To his own Realms of Love.

XI.

Nor all thine Heav'nly Charms,
Nor thy revenging Hand
Could force me to lay down my Arms,
And bow to thy Command.

XII.

XII.

Lord, 'tis against thy Face
My Sins like Arrows rise,
And yet, and yet (O matchless Grace)
Thy Thunder silent lies.

XIII.

O shall I never feel
The Meltings of thy Love?
Am I of such Hell-harden'd Steel
That Mercy cannot move?

XIV.

Now for one powerful Glance
Dear Saviour, from thy Face!
This Rebel-heart no more withstands,
But sinks beneath thy Grace.

XV.

O'ecome by dying Love I fall,
And at thy Cross I lie;
I throw my Flesh, my Soul, my All,
And Weep, and Love, and Die.

XVI.

XVI.

“ Rise, says the Prince of Mercy, rise;
With Joy and Pity in his Eyes :
“ Rise and behold my wounded Veins,
“ Here flows the Blood to wash thy Stains.

XVII.

“ See, my Great Father’s reconcil’d :
He say’d, and Lo the Father smil’d ;
The Joyful Cherubs clapt their Wings,
And founded Grace on all their Strings.

JESUS

J E S U S

I N T H E

Only S A V I O U R.

I.

A DAM, our Head, our Father fell,
 And Justice doom'd the Race to Hell:
 The fiery Law speaks all Despair,
 There's no Reprieve, nor Pardon, there.

II.

Call a bright Council in the Skies :
 " Seraphs, the Mighty and the Wise,
 " Say, what Expedient can you give
 " That Sin be damn'd and Sinners live ?

III.

" Speak, are you strong to bear the Load,
 " The weighty Vengeance of a God ?
 " Which of you loves our wretched Race,
 " Or dares to venture in our Place ?

IV.

IV.

In vain we ask : For all around
Stands Silence thro' the Heavenly Ground :
There's not a glorious Mind above
Has half the Strength, or half the Love.

V.

But, O unutterable Grace !
Th' Eternal Son takes *Adam's* place ;
Down to our World the Saviour flies,
Stretches his naked Arms and Dies.

VI.

Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God,
And pay its Wrongs with Heavenly Blood ;
Infinite Racks and Pangs He bore,
And rose. The Law could ask no more.

VII.

Amazing Work ! Look down, ye Skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your Eyes,
Ye Heavenly Thrones stoop from above,
And bow to this Mysterious Love.

VIII.

See, how they bend ! See, how they look !
Long they had read th' Eternal Book,
And study'd dark Decrees in vain,
The Cross and *Calvary* makes them plain.

IX.

Now they are struck with deep Amaze,
Each with his Wings conceals his Face ;
Now clap their founding Plumes, and cry,
“ The Wisdom of a Deity.

X.

Low they adore th' Incarnate Son,
And sing the Glories he hath won,
Sing how he broke our Iron Chains,
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.

XI.

Triumph and reign Victorious Lord,
By all thy flaming Saints ador'd ;
And say, dear Conqueror, say, how long
Ere we shall fly to joyn their Song ?

XII.

Lo, from afar the promis'd Day
Shines with a well-distinguish'd Ray :
But my wing'd Passion hardly bears
These tedious Rounds of rolling Years.

XIII.

Send down a Chariot from above
With fiery Wheels, and pav'd with Love ;
Raife me beyond th' Ethereal Blue,
To Sing and Love as Angels do.

A
Song of Praise
TO
G O D.

P S A L M C. *In Trissyllable Feet.*

I.

Sing aloud to the Lord : Let the two Frozen Poles
Awake to the Song, and dissolve in the Praise ;
At the Fiery Line will we kindle our Souls,
Nor the Worship be quench't by the Western Seas.

II.

Come Nations adoring the Infinite King,
With Zeal in your Bosoms, and Joy in your Eyes :
His Wonderful Name should eternally ring
Round the broad Globe of Earth to the Circling Skies.

III.

III.

'Twas he that gave Life to our Souls with a Breath,
He fashion'd our Clay to the Figure of Men ;
And when we had stray'd to the Regions of Death,
He reduc'd his own Sheep to his Pastures again.

IV.

We enter his Gates with *Hosannahs* and Songs,
The Arches resound with the Notes that we raise ;
Thus while our Devotions are paid with our Tongues,
Thy Temple adores by repeating the Praise,

V.

Thy Power shakes the World, and makes it self known;
Thy Love like Eternity has ne're a Bound ;
The Truth of our God must stand firm as his Throne
When the Wheels of old Time shall cease to go round.

An Essay on a few of *DAVID'S*
P S A L M S Translated into Plain Verse,
 in Language more agreeable to the clearer
 Revelations of the Gospel.

THE
 HAPPY SAINT
 AND
 Curfed Sinner.

P S A L M I.

I.

BLEST is the Man, whose cautious Feet
 Shun the broad Path which Sinners chuse,
 Who hates the House where Atheists meet,
 And dreads the Words that Scoffers use.

II.

II.

He loves t' employ his Morning Light
Reading the Statutes of the Lord,
And spends the wakeful Hours of Night
With Pleasure pond'ring o're the Word.

III.

He like a Plant by gentle Streams
Shall Flourish in Immortal Green ;
And Heav'n will shine with Kindest Beams
On every Work his Hands begin.

IV.

But Sinners find their Counsels cross'd ;
As Chaff before the Tempest flies,
So shall their Hopes be blown and lost
When the last Trumpet shakes the Skies.

V.

In vain the Rebel crouds to stand
In Judgment with the Pious Race ;
The dreadful Judge with Stern Command
Divides him to a different Place.

VI.

" Strait is the Way my Saints have trod,
 " I blest the Path and drew it plain :
 " But you would chuse the crooked Road,
 " And it leads down t' Eternal Pain.

Doubts and Fears

S U P P R E S ' D.

P S A L M III.

I.

LOOK, Gracious God, how numerous they
 Whose envious Power and Rage
 Conspiring my Eternal Death
 Against my Soul engage.

II.

The lying Tempter would perswade
 There's no Relief in Heaven ;

And

And all my swelling Sins appear
Too big to be forgiven.

III.

But God my Glory and my Strength
Shall tread the Tempter down,
And drown my Sins beneath the Blood
Of his Dear Dying Son.

IV.

I cry'd, and from his Sacred Hill
He bow'd a list'ning Ear ;
I call'd my Father and my God,
And he dispers'd my Fear.

V.

He threw soft Slumbers on mine Eyes
In sight of all my Foes,
I'woke, and wondred at the Grace
That guarded my Repose.

VI.

What, tho' the Hosts of Death and Hell
All arm'd against me stood,
Terrors no more shall shake my Soul,
Nor Tremblings chill my Blood.

VII.

VII.

Lord, I adore thy Wondrous Love,
And thy Salvation sing :
My God hath broke the Serpents Teeth,
And Death has lost his Sting.

VIII.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,
The Lord alone can save ;
Blessings attend thy People here,
And reach beyond the Grave,

Praise to the LORD

FROM

ALL NATIONS.

PSALM C.

I.

SING to the Lord with Joyful Voice,
Let every Land his Name adore,
The *Brittish* Isles shall send the Noise
Across the Ocean to the Shore.

II.

With gladness bow before his Throne,
And let his Presence raise your Joys,
Know that the Lord is God alone,
And form'd our Souls, and fram'd our Voice.

III.

III.

Infinite Power without our aid
Figur'd our Clay to humane Mould ;
And when our Wandring Feet had stray'd,
He brought us to his Sacred Fold.

IV.

Enter his Gates with Thankful Songs,
Thro' his Wide Courts your Voices raise ;
Almighty God, our Joyful Tongues
Shall fill thine house with founding Praise.

V.

Wide as the World is thy Command,
Vast as Eternity thy Love,
Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand
When rolling Years shall cease to move.

Brotherly Love.

PSALM CXXXIII.

I.

LO, what an entertaining Sight
Are Brethren that agree,
Brethren whose chearful Hearts unite
In Bands of Piety.

II.

When Streams of Love from Christ the Spring
Descend to every Soul,
And Sacred Peace with Balmy Wing
Shades and bedews the whole;

III.

'Tis like the Oyl on *Aaron* shed
Which choice Perfumes compose,
Down softly from his Reverend Head
It trickled to his Toes.

IV.

I V.

Tis pleafant as the Morning Dews
 That fall on *Zion's* Hill ;
 Where God his mildeft Glory fhews,
 And makes his Grace diftil.

THE
 PLEASURE
 OF
 Love to CHRIST
 Prefent or Abfent.

I.

OF all the Joys we Mortals know
Jefus, thy Love exceeds the reft ;
 Love, the beft Bleffing here below,
 And neareft Image of the Bleft.

II.

Sweet are my Thoughts, and soft my Cares
When the dear Heav'nly Flame I feel ;
In all my Hopes and all my Fears
There's something kind and pleasing still.

III.

While I am held in his Embrace
There's not a Thought attempts to rove ;
Each Smile he wears upon his Face
Fixes and charms and fires my Love.

IV.

He speaks, and strait Immortal Joys :
Run thro' my Ears, and reach my Heart ;
My Soul all melts at that dear Voice,
And Pleasure shoots thro' every Part.

V.

If he withdraw a Moments space
He leaves a Sacred Pledge behind,
Here in this Breast his Image stays,
The Grief and Comfort of my Mind.

VI.

While of his Absence I complain,
And long, and weep as Lovers do,
There's a strange Pleasure in the Pain,
And Tears have their own Sweetness too.

VII.

When round his Courts by Day I rove,
Or ask the Watchmen of the Night
For some kind Tidings of my Love ;
His very Name creates Delight.

VIII.

Jesus my God ; yet rather come ;
Mine Eyes would dwell upon thy Face ;
'Tis best to see my Lord at Home,
And feel the Presence of his Grace.

The Substance of the following Copy, and many of the Lines as they here stand were sent me by an Esteemed Friend Mr. *W. Nokes*, with a desire that I would form them into a Pindarick Ode ; but I retain'd his Measures lest I should too much alter his Sense.

A

Sight of CHRIST.

Angels of Light, your God and King surround
With Noble Songs ; in his Exalted Flesh
He claims your Worship ; while his Saints on Earth
Bless their Redeemer-God with humble Tongues.
Angels with lofty Honours crown his Head ;
We bowing at his Feet, by Faith may feel
This distant Influence, and confess his Love.

Once I beheld his Face, when Beams Divine
Broke from his Eyelids, and unusual Light
Wrap't me at once in Glory and Surprize.
My Joyful Heart high leaping in my Breast
With Transport cry'd, *This is the Christ of God* ;
Then threw my Arms around in sweet Embrace,
And clasp'd, and bow'd Adoring low, till I was lost
in him.

While he appears no other Charms can hold
Or draw my Soul aſham'd of former things,
Which no Remembrance now deſerve or Name
Tho' with Contempt, beſt in Oblivion hid.

But the bright Shine and Preſence ſoon withdrew
I ſought him whom I Love, but found him not ;
I felt his Abſence ; and with ſtrongeſt cries
Proclaim'd, *Where Jeſus is not, all is vain.*
Whether I hold him with a full Delight,
Or ſeek him panting with Extream Deſire,
Tis He alone can pleaſe my Wondring Soul ;

To hold or seek him is my only Choice.
If he refrain on me to cast his Eye
Down from his Palace, nor my longing Soul
With upward Look can spy my Dearest Lord
Thro' his Blue Pavement, I'll behold him still
With sweet reflection on the peaceful Cross,
All in his Blood and Anguish, groaning deep,
Gaspings and dying there.———
This Sight I ne'er can loose, by it I live :
A Quickning Vertue from his Death inspir'd
Is Life and Breath to me ; His Flesh my Food ;
His Vital Blood I drink, and hence my Strength.

I Live, I'm Strong, and now Eternal Life
Beats quick within my Breast ; my Vigorous Mind
Spurns the dull Earth, and on her fiery Wings
Reaches the Mount of Purposes Divine,
Counsels of Peace betwixt th' Almighty Three
Conceiv'd at once, and Sign'd without Debate
In perfect Union of the Eternal Mind.
With vast Amaze I see the Unfathom'd Thoughts,
Infinite Schemes, and Infinite Designs

Of God's own Heart in which he ever rests.
Eternity lies open to my View ;
Here the Beginning and the End of all
I can discover ; Christ, the End of all,
And Christ the great Beginning ; He my Head,
My God, my Glory, and my All in All.

O that the Day, the joyful Day were come
When the first *Adam* from his Ancient Dust
Crown'd with new Honours shall revive, and see
Jesus his Son and Lord ; while shouting Saints
Surround their King, and God's Eternal Son
Shines in the midst but with Superior Beams,
And like himself ; Then the Mysterious Word
Long hid behind the Letter shall appear
All Spirit and Life, and in the fullest Light
Stand forth to publick View, and there disclose
His Father's Sacred Works and wondrous Ways :
Then Wisdom, Righteousness and Grace Divine
Thro' all the Infinite Transactions past
In wrought and shining shall with double blaze

Strike our astonish't Eyes, and ever reign
Admir'd and Glorious in Triumphant Light.

Death and the Tempter; and the Man of Sin
Now at the Bar arraign'd, in Judgment cast,
Shall vex the Saints no more, but perfect Love
And loudest Praises perfect Joy create,
While ever-circling Years maintain the blisful State.

LONGING FOR
H E A V E N,
OR, THE
Song of Angels Above.

I.

EARTH has detain'd me Prisoner long,
And I'me grown weary now ;
My Heart, my Hand, my Ear, my Tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

II.

Tir'd in my Thoughts I stretch me down,
And upward glance mine Eyes,
Upward (my Father) to thy Throne,
And to my Native Skies.

III.

There the dear Man my Saviour sits,
The God, how bright he shines !

And

And scatters Infinite Delights
On all the happy Minds.

IV.

Seraphs with elevated Strains
Circle the Throne around,
And Move and Charm the Starry Plains
With an Immortal Sound.

V.

Jesus the Lord their Harps employs,
Jesus my Love they sing,
Jesus the Name of both our Joys
Sounds sweet from every String.

VI.

Hark, how beyond the narrow Bounds
Of Time and Space they run,
And speak in most Majestick Sounds
The Godhead of the Son.

VII.

How on the Father's Breast he lay
The darling of his Soul,
Infinite Years before the Day,
Or Heavens began to roll.

VIII.

And now they sink the lofty Tone,
 And milder Notes they play,
 And bring th' Eternal Godhead down
 To dwell in humble Clay.

IX.

O the dear Beauties of that Man !

(The God resides within)

His Flesh all pure without a Stain,
 His Soul without a Sin.

X.

Then, how he look't, and how he smild,

What wondrous things he said,

Sweet Cherubs, stay, dwell here a while,

And tell what *Jesus* did.

XI.

At his Command the Blind awake,

And feel the gladfome Rays ;

He bids the Dumb attempt to speak,

They try their Tongues in Praise.

XII.

He shed a thousand Blessings round
Where 'ere he turn'd his Eye ;
He spake, and at the Sovereign Sound
The Hellish Legions fly.

XIII.

Thus while with unambitious Strife
Th' Ethereal Minstrels rove
Thro' all the Labours of his Life,
And Wonders of his Love.

XIV.

In the full Quire a broken String
Groans with a strange Surprize ;
The rest in silence mourn their King
That Bleeds and Loves and Dies.

XV.

The little Saints with drooping Wings
Cease their harmonious Breath,
No blooming Trees, nor bubbling Springs,
While *Jesus* sleeps in Death.

XVI.

XVI.

Then all at once to living Strains
They summon every Chord,
Break up the Tomb, and burst his Chains,
And show their rising Lord.

XVII.

Around the flaming Army throngs
To guard him to the Skies,
With loud *Hosannahs* on their Tongues,
And Triumph in their Eyes.

XVIII.

In awful State the Conquering God
Ascends his shining Throne,
While tuneful Angels sound abroad
The Vict'ries he has won.

XIX.

Now let me rise, and Joyn their Song,
And be an Angel too;
My Heart, my Hand, my Ear, my Tongue,
Here's Joyful Work for you.

X X.

I would begin the Musick here
And so my Soul should rise,
Oh for some Heavenly Notes to bear
My Spirit to the Skies !

X X I.

There, ye that love my Saviour, sit,
There I would fain have place,
Amongst your Thrones, or at your Feet,
So I might see his Face.

X X I I.

I am confin'd to Earth no more,
But mount in haste above
To blefs the God that I adore,
And sing the Man I Love.

G O D

G O D

Sovereign and Gracious.

I.

THE Lord ! how fearful is his Name ?
How wide is his Command ?
Nature with all its Mighty Frame
Lies rolling in his Hand.

II.

Immortal Glory forms his Throne,
And Light his Awful Robe ;
Whilst with a Smile or with a Frown
He manages the Globe.

III.

A Word of His Almighty Breath
Can swell or sink the Seas ;
Build the vast Empires of the Earth,
Or break 'em as he please.

IV.

IV.

Adoring Angels round him fall

In all their Shining Forms,

His Sovereign Eye looks thro' them all,

And pities Mortal Worms.

V.

His Bowels to our Worthless Race

In sweet Compassion move ;

He Cloaths his Looks with softest Grace,

And takes his Title, Love.

VI.

Now let the Lord for ever Reign,

And Sway us as he will,

Sick or in Health, in Ease or Pain,

We are his Favourites still.

VII.

No more shall peevish Passion rise,

The Tongue no more Complain ;

'Tis Sovereign Love that lends our Joys,

And Love resumes again.

THE
HAZARD
OF
Loving the Creatures.

I.

WHERE 'ere my Flatt'ring Passions rove
I find a lurking Snare ;
'Tis dangerous to let loose our Love
Beneath th' Eternal Fair.

II.

Souls whom the Tye of Friendship binds,
And Things that share our Blood
Seize a large Portion of our Minds,
And leave the less for God.

III.

Nature hath soft but powerful Bands,
And Reason She controuls ;

While

While Children with their little Hands
Hang closest to our Souls.

IV.

Thoughtless they act th' Old Serpent's Part ;
What tempting things they be !
Lord, how they twine about our Heart,
And draw it off from thee !

V.

Our hasty Wills rush blindly on
Where rising Passion rolls,
And thus we make our Fetters strong
To bind our Slavish Souls.

VI.

Dear Sovereign, break these Fetters off,
And set our Spirits free ;
God in himself is Bliss enough,
For we have all in thee.

Christ's Amazing Love

A N D

My Amazing Coldness

I.

COME let me Love : or is my Mind
Harden'd to Stone, or froze to Ice ?
I see the Blessed Fair One bend
And stoop t' embrace me from the Skies !

II.

O'tis a Thought would melt a Rock,
And make a Heart of Iron move,
That those sweet Lips, that Heavenly Look
Should seek my Kisses and my Love.

III.

I was a Traytor doom'd to Fire,
Bound to sustain Immortal Pains ;
He flew on Wings of strong Desire
Assum'd my Guilt, and took my Chains.

IV.

IV.

Infinite Grace ! Almighty Charms !
Stand in Amaze, ye rolling Skies,
Jesus the God with naked Arms
Hangs on a Cross of Love and Dies.

V.

Did Pity ever stoop so low
Drest in Divinity and Blood ?
Was ever Rebel courted so
In Groans of an Expiring God ?

VI.

Again He lives ; and spreads his Hands,
Hands that were nayl'd to tort'ring Smart ;
' By these dear Wounds, says He, and stands
And prays to clasp me to his Heart.

VII.

Sure I must Love ; or are my Ears
Still Deaf, nor feel the Pass'ion move ?
Then let me melt my Heart to Tears,
And Die because I cannot Love.

G

Wishing

Wishing him ever with me.

I.

NOW be that smiling Moment blest
When First I saw my Love,
Jesus, the Fairest and the Best

Of all the Forms above.

A thousand Graces ever rise

And bloom upon his Face,

A thousand Arrows from his Eyes

Shoot thro' my Heart with sweet Surprise,

And stand to guard the Place.

II.

All Natures Art shall never cure

The Heavenly Pains I found,

And 'tis beyond all Beauties Power

To make another Wound :

Earthly Beauties grow and fade,

Nature may heal the Wounds She made,

But Charms so much Divine

Hold

Hold a long Empire of the Heart,
 What Heaven has joyn'd shall never part,
 And *Jesus* must be mine.

III.

In vain the envious Shades of Night,
 Or Flatteries of the Day
 Would vail his Image from my Sight,
 Or tempt my Soul away;
Jesus is all my Waking Theme,
 His Lovely-Form meets every Dream,

And knows not to depart :

The Passion reigns

Thro' all my Veins,

And floating round the Crimson Stream

Still finds him at my Heart.

IV.

Dwell there, for ever dwell, my Love;

Here I confine my Sence,

Nor dare my Wildest Wishes rove,

Nor stir a Thought from thence.

Let me be lost in thine Embrace

As Rivers in the Sea;

Or live Eternity of Days

To spend them all with thee.

Still I would lie in those dear Arms

Dissolving still among thy Charms,

And as the Moments fly,

I'de Breathe away successive Souls,

So Billow after Billow rolls

To kiss the Shoar, and Dye.

T H E

Absence of the Beloved.

I.

COME, lead me to some lofty Shade
 Where Turtles moan their Loves ;
 Tall Shadows were for Lovers made,
 And Grief becomes the Groves.

II.

Tis no mean Beauty of the Ground
 That has enslav'd mine Eyes,

I faint

I faint beneath a Nobler Wound,
Nor love below the Skies.

III.

Jesus the Spring of all that's bright,
The Everlasting Fair,
Heavens Ornament and Heavens Delight
Is my Eternal Care.

IV.

But, ah ! how far above this Grove
Does the dear Charmer dwell ?
Absence, that keenest Wound to Love,
That sharpest Pain I feel.

V.

Pensive I climb the Sacred Hills,
And near him vent my Woes,
Yet his sweet Face he still conceals,
Yet still my Passion grows.

VI.

murmur to the hollow Vale,
I tell the Rocks my Flame,
And bless the *Eccho* in her Cell
That best repeats his Name.

VII.

My Passion breaths perpetual Sighs
 Till pitying Winds shall hear,
 And gently bear them up the Skies,
 And gently wound his Ear.

Sick of Love.

Solom. Song, i. 3.

I.

TELL me thou Fairest of thy Kind,
 My Love, my All-Divine,
 Where may this fainting Head reclin'd
 Relieve such Cares as mine?
 Ye Shepherds, Lead me to your Grove :
 If burning Noon Infect the Sky,
 The Sick'ning Sheep to Coverts fly,
 The Sheep not half so Scorch'd as I
 Thus Languishing in Love.

II.

Stretch't on the Flowry Shades along
There would I tune my Tender Song,
And drop a Melting Tear ;
Mufick has wondrous Charms they fay,
Mufick can raging Heats allay,
And Tame the wildest Care.
Begin my Song the Soothing Strain ;
But the dear Flame is Charming Sweet,
I would not cool the Paſſion yet,
Nor can I bear the pain.
Strangely I'm Rack't in wide Extreame,
I burn, I burn, I burn, and yet I Love the Flames.

III.

Oh why ſhould Beauty Heavenly Bright
Stoop down to Charm a Mortals Sight,
And Torture with the Sweet exceſs of Light ?
Our Hearts, alas ! how frail their make !
With their own weight of Joy they break,
Oh why is Love ſo ſtrong, and Natures ſelf ſo weak ?

I V.

Dear Lord, forgive my rash Complaint,
 And Love me still,
 Against my froward Will,
 Unvail thy Beauties tho' I faint.
 Send the great Herald from the Sky,
 And at the Trumpets awful roar
 This feeble state of things shall fly,
 And Pain and Pleasure mix no more.
 Then I shall gaze with Strengthen'd Sight
 On Glories Infinitely bright,
 My Heart shall all be Love, my *Jefus* all Delight.

Sitting in an Arbour.

I.

SWEET Muse descend and bless the Shade,
 And bless the Evening Grove ;
 Business and Noise and Day are fled,
 And every Care but Love.

I I.

But hence, Ye Wanton Young and Fair,
 Mine is a purer Flame,
 No *Phillis* shall infect the Air
 With her unhallowed Name.

I I I.

Jesus has all my Powers possess't,
 My Hopes, my Fears, my Joys :
 He the dear Sovereign of my Breast
 Shall still command my Voice.

I V.

Some of the fairest Quires above
 Shall flock around my Song,
 With Joy to hear the Name they Love
 Sound from a Mortal Tongue.

V.

His Charms shall make my Numbers flow,
 And hold the falling Floods,
 While Silence sits on every Bough
 And bends the List'ning Woods.

V I.

V. I.

I'll carve our Passion on the Bark,
 And every wounded Tree
 Shall drop and bear some Mysttick Mark,
 That *Jesus* dy'd for me.

V II.

The Swains shall wonder when they read
 Inscrib'd on all the Grove,
 That Heaven it Self came down, and bled
 To win a Mortals Love.

V I.

B E W A I L I N G

My own Inconstancy.

I.

I LOVE the Lord ; but ah ! how far
 My Thoughts from the dear Object are !
 This wanton Heart how wide it roves !
 And Fancy meets a Thousand Loves.

II.

If my Soul burn to see my God
I tread the Courts of his abode,
But Troops of Rivals throng the place
And Tempt me off before his Face.

III.

Would I enjoy my Lord alone,
I bid my Passions all be gone,
All but my Love ; and Charge my Will
To bar the Door and keep it still.

IV.

But Cares or Trifles make or find
Still new Avenues to the Mind,
Till I with Grief and Wonder see
Huge Crouds betwixt my Lord and Me.

V.

Oft I am told the Muse will prove
A Friend to Piety and Love ;
Strait I begin some Sacred Song,
And take my Saviour on my Tongue.

VI.

Strangely I lose his Lovely Face
To hold the Empty Sounds in Chase ;
At best the Chymes divide my Heart,
And the Muse shares the larger part.

VII.

False Confident ! And falser Breast !
Fickle and fond of every Guest :
Each Airy Image as it flies
Here finds admittance thro' my Eyes.

VIII.

This Foolish Heart can leave her God,
And Shadows tempt her Thoughts abroad,
How shall I fix this Wandring Mind,
Or throw my Fetters on the Wind ?

IX.

Look gently down, Almighty Grace,
Prison me round in thine Embrace :
Pity the Soul that would be thine,
And let thy Power my Love Confine.

X.

Say, when shall that bright Moment be
That I shall live alone for thee,
My Heart no Foreign Lords adore,
And the wild Muse prove false no more?

Forfaken, yet Hoping.

I.

HAPPY the Hours, the Golden Days
When I could call my *Jesus* mine,
And sit and view his Smiling Face,
And melt in Pleasures all Divine.

II.

Near to my Heart within my Arms
He lay, till Sin defil'd my Breast,
Till broken Vows and Earthly Charms
Tir'd and provok'd my Heavenly Guest.

III.

And now He's gone, (O Mighty Woe)
Gone from my Soul and hides his Love!

Curse on you, Sins, that griev'd Him so,
Ye Sins, that forc'd him to remove.

I V.

Break, Break my Heart, Complain my Tongue,
Hither, my Friends, your Sorrows bring,
Angels, assist my Doleful Song,
If you have e're a Mourning String.

V.

But, ah ! Your Joys are ever high,
Ever His Lovely Face you see,
While my poor Spirits pant and die,
And Groan for thee, my God, for thee.

V I.

Yet let my Hope look thro' my Tears
And spy afar his rolling Throne,
His Chariot thro' the cleaving Spheres
Shall bring the bright Beloved down.

V I I.

Swift as a Roe flies o're the Hills
My Soul springs out to meet him high,
Then the dear Conqueror turns his Wheels,
And climbs the Mansions of the Sky.

V I I I

VIII.

There Smiling Joy for ever reigns,
 No more the Turtle leaves the Dove ;
 Farewel to Jealousies, and Pains,
 And all the Ills of Absent Love,

The Law and Gospel.

I.

CURST be the Man, for ever **Curst**
 That doth the smallest Sin commit,
 Death and Damnation for the First,
 Without Relief and Infinite.

II.

Thus *Sinai* roars ; and round the Earth
 Thunder and Fire and Vengeance rings,
 But *Jesus*, thy dear gasping Breath
 And *Calvary* says Gentler things.

III.

Pardon, and Grace and boundless Love
 Streaming along a Saviour's Blood,

“ And

“ And Life and Joys and Crowns above

“ Dear purchas'd by a Bleeding God.

I V.

Hark, how he prays; (the Charming Sound

Dwells on his Dying Lips) *Forgive* ;

And every Groan and gaping Wound

Cries, “ Father, Let the Rebels Live.

V.

Go you that rest upon the Law,

And toil and seek Salvation there,

Look to the Flames that *Moses* saw,

And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

V I.

But I'll retire beneath the Cross,

Saviour, at thy dear Feet I lie ;

And the keen Sword that Justice draws

Flaming and Red shall pass me by.

THE
Death of *M O S E S*,
Deut. xxxii. 49, 50. and xxxiv. 5, 6.
OR THE
Enjoyment of G O D
Worth Dying for.

I.

LORD, 'tis an Infinite Delight
To see thy Lovely Face,
To dwell whole Ages in thy Sight
And feel thy Kind Embrace.

II.

This *Gabriel* knows; and Sings thy Name
With his Immortal Tongue;
Moses the Saint Enjoys the same,
And Loud repeats the Song.

H

III

III.

All the bright Nation sounds thy Praise
From the Eternal Hills,
While the Sweet Odour of thy Grace
The Heavenly Region fills.

IV.

Thy Charming Looks and Shining Power
Spread Life and Joy abroad :
O'tis a Heaven worth dying for
To see a Smiling God.

V.

Shew me thy Face, and I'll away
From all Inferiour Things;
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my Clay,
And stretch mine Airy Wings.

VI.

'Twas a Sweet Journey to the Sky
The wondrous Prophet try'd,
“ Climb up the Mount, says God, and Dye,
The Prophet Climb'd and Dy'd.

VII.

Softly his fainting Head he lay
Upon his Maker's Breast,
His Maker Kifs'd his Soul away,
And laid his Flesh to rest.

VIII.

In God's own Arms he left the Breath
That God's own Spirit gave;
His was the Noblest Road to Death,
And his the Sweetest Grave;

A D

Dominum nostrum & Servatorem
Jesum Christum.

O D A.

Novemb. 1694

I.

TE, Grande Numen, Corporis Incola,
Te, magna magni Progenies Patris,
Nomen verendum nostri Jesû
Vox, Citharæ, Calami sonabunt.

II.

Aptentur auro grandisonæ Fides,
Christi Triumphos incipe Barbite,
Fractosque terrores Averni,
Victum Erebum, domitamque Mortem.

III.

Immenſa vaſtos ſæcula circulos
Volvêre, blando dum Patris in ſinû
Toto fruebatur Jehovâ
Gaudia mille bibens Jeſus ;

IV.

Donec ſuperno vidit ab Æthere
Adam cadentem, Tartara hiantia,
Unâque mergendos ruinâ
Heu nimium miſeros Nepotes.

V.

Vidit minaces Vindicis Angeli
Ignes & Enſem, Telaque Sanguine
Tingenda noſtro, dum rapinæ
Spe fremuere Erebæa Monſtra.

VI.

Commota Sacras Viſcera protinus
Senſêre flammas, Omnipotens Furor.
Ebullit, Immenſique Amoris
Æthereum calet Igne pectus.

VII.

- “ Non tota prorsus Gens hominum dabit
 “ Hosti triumphos : Quid Patris & Labor
 “ Dulcisque Imago ? Num peribunt
 “ Funditus ? O prius Astra cæcis

VIII.

- “ Mergantur undis, & redeat Chaos.
 “ Aut ipse disperdam Satanæ dolos,
 “ Aut ipse disperdar, & isti
 “ Sceptra dabo moderanda dextræ.

IX.

- “ Testor paternum Numen, & hoc Caput
 “ Æquale testor, dixit, & Ætheris
 Inclinat ingens culmen, alto
 Defiliitque ruens Olympo.

X.

- Mortale corpus impiger induit
 Artusque nostros, heu tenues nimis
 Nimisque viles ! Vindicique
 Corda dedit fodienda Ferro,

XI.

Vitamque Morti ; Proh dolor ! O graves
Tonantis Iræ ! O Lex nimis aspera !

Mercesque peccati severa

Adamici, vetitique fructus,

XII.

Non pœna lenis ! Quô ruis impotens !

Quo Musa ! largas fundere lachrymas,

Bustique Divini triumphos

Sacrilego temerare fletu ?

XIII.

Sepone questus. Læta Deum cane

Majore Chordâ. Psalle sonoriùs

Ut ferreas Mortis cavernas

Et rigidam penetravit Aulam.

XIV.

Sensêre Numen Regna feralia,

Mugit Barathrum, contremuit Chaos,

Dirùm fremebat Rex Gehennæ,

Perque suum tremebundus Orcum

X V.

Latè refugit. “ Nil agis Impie,
“ Mergat vel Imis te Phlegethon vadis,
“ Hoc findet undas fulmen, Inquit,
Et patrios Jaculatus Ignes

X V I.

Trajecit hostem. Nigra Silentia
Umbræque flammæ Æthereas pavent
Dudum perosæ, ex quo corusco
Præcipites cecidere Cælo.

X V I I.

Immane rugit jam Tonitru ; fragor
Latè ruinam mandat : ab infimis
Lectæque destinata genti
Tartara disjiciuntur antris.

X V I I I.

Hæc strata passim vincula, & hæc jacent
Unci cruenti, Tormina Mentium
Invisa, ploratuque vasto
Spicula Mors sibi adempta plangit.

X I X.

En, ut refurgit Victor ab ultimo
Ditis Profundo, curribus aureis
Astricta raptans Monstra Noctis
Perdomitumque Erebi Tyrannum.

X X.

Quanta Angelorum gaudia Jubilant
Victor paternum dum repetit Polum?
En qualis ardet, dum beati
Limina scandit Ovans Olympi!

X X I.

Io Triumphæ plectra Seraphica,
Io Triumphæ grex hominum sonet,
Dum læta quaquaversus ambos
Astra repercutiunt Triumphos.

Excitatio cordis Cœlum versus.

1694. Ad seipsum.

I.

HEU quot sœcla teris carcere Corporis
Wattsi, quid refugis Limen & Exitum?
 Nec meus Æthereum Culmen, & Atria
 Magni Patris anhelitat?

II.

Corpus vile creat mille Molestias,
 Circum Corda volant & Dolor, & Metus,
 Peccatumque malis durius omnibus
 Cæcas Insidias struit.

III.

III.

Non hoc grata tibi Gaudia de solo
Surgunt. Christus abest, deliciæ tuæ,
Longè Christus abest, Inter & Angelos
Et picta astra perambulans.

IV.

* *Cæli summa petas; nec Jaculabitur
Iracunda Tonans fulmina: Te Deus
Hortatur; Vacuum tende per Aëra
Pennas nunc homini datas.*

* Vide Horat. Lib. 1. Od. 3.

Breathing

Breathing towards the
Heavenly Country.

Casimire. Book I. Od. 19. Imitated.

Urit me Patriæ Decor, &c.

THE Beauty of my Native Land
Immortal Love inspires ;
I burn, I burn with strong Desires,
And sigh and wait the high Command.
There glides the Moon her shining Way,
And shoots my Heart thro' with a Silver Ray ;
Upward my Heart aspires :
A thousand Lamps of Golden Light
Hung high in vaulted Azure charm my Sight,
And wink and becken with their Amorous Fires.

O Ye dear Glories of my Heavenly Home,
Bright Sentinels of my Fathers Court
Where all the happy Minds resort,
When will my Father's Chariot come?
Must ye for ever walk the Ethereal Round,
For ever see the Mourner lie
An Exile of the Sky,
A Prisoner of the Ground?
Descend some shining Servant from on high,
Build me a hasty Tomb;
A Grassie Turf will raise my Head,
The Neighbouring Lillies dress my Bed
And shed a cheap Perfume.
Here I put off the Chains of Death
My Soul too long has worn,
Friends, I forbid one groaning Breath,
Or Tear to wet my Urn;
Raphael, behold me all undrest,
Here gently lay this Flesh to rest;
Then mount and lead the Path unknown,
Swift I pursue thee, Flaming Guide, on Pinions of
my own.

THE
GLORIES of GOD

Exceed all Worship.

I.

ETERNAL Power ! whose high Abode
Becomes the Grandeur of a God ;
Infinite Lengths beyond the Bounds
Where the Skies roll their little Rounds.

II.

The lowest Step about thy Seat
Rises too high for *Gabriel's* Feet,
In vain the tall Arch-Angel tries
To reach thine height with wondring Eyes.

III.

Thy dazzling Beauties whilst he Sings
He hides his Face behind his Wings,
And Ranks of Shining Thrones around
Fall Worshipping, and spread the Ground.

I V.

Lord, what shall Earth and Ashes do!
We would adore our Maker too,
From Sin and Dust to thee we cry
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

V.

Earth from afar has heard thy Fame,
And Worms have learnt to list thy Name,
But, O, the Glories of thy Mind
Leave all our soaring Thoughts behind.

V I.

God is in Heaven, and Men below,
Short be our Tunes, our Words be few;
A Sacred Reverence checks our Songs,
And Praise sits silent on our Tongues.

The END of the First BOOK.

Tibi filet Laus, O Deus.

Psal. lxx. i.

BOOK

FRATERNITY

THE

OF THE

OF THE

BOOK II.

Odes, Elegies and Epistles, &c.

S A C R E D T O

V E R T U E, L O Y A L T Y

A N D

F R I E N D S H I P.

T O

H E R M A J E S T Y.

Q U E E N of the Northern World, whose
gentle Sway
invites our Love, and binds our Hearts t' Obey :

. I

Forgive

Forgive the Nation's Groan when *William* dy'd ;
 Lo, at thy Feet in all the Loyal Pride
 Of rising Joy Three Happy Realms appear,
 And *William's* Urn almost without a Tear
 Stands ; nor Complains : While from thy Gracious
 Tongue

Peace flows in Silver Streams amidst the Throng.
 Amazing Balm, that on those Lips was found
 To heal the Twinges of that Mortal Wound,
 The Danger, and the Scar ! Far-distant Lands
 Whose Lives lay trusted in *Nassovian* Hands
 Transfer their Souls, and live ; secure they Play
 In thy Mild Rays, and feel a growing Day.

Thy beamy Wing at once defends and warms
 Fainting Devotion ; whilst in various Forms
 Fair Piety shines thro' the *Brittish* Isles :
 Here at thy Side, and in thy kindest Smiles
 Blazing in Ornamental Gold she stands,
 To Bless thy Councils, and Assist thy Hands,
 And Crowds wait round her to receive Commands.

There.

There at a Humble distance from the Throne
 Beauteous She lies ; Her Lustre all her own,
 Ungarnish'd ; yet not blushing, nor afraid,
 Nor knows Suspicion, nor affects the Shade.
 In Words of Solemn Form, or with a freer Cry
 Warm as our Zeal for Thee, We Both address the Sky,
 Vow for thy Safety Both, and live beneath thine Eye.

PRINCESS, the World already owns thy Name ;
 Go, mount the Chariot of Immortal Fame,
 Nor Die to be Renown'd : Fames loudest Breath
 Too dear is purchas'd by an Angels Death.
 The Thunder of thy Hand with general Joy
 Shall crush Rebellion and the Rival Boy :
 Thy Sounding Arms his *Gallick* Patron hears,
 And speeds his Flight ; nor overtakes his Fears
 Till hard Despair wring from the Tyrant's Soul
 The Iron Tears out. Let thy Frown controul
 Our Angry Jarrs at Home, till Wrath submit
 Her Bloody Banners to thine Awful Feet.

Mad Zeal and Frenzy with their Murtherous Train
Flee these Blest Realms in thine Auspicious Reign,
Envy expire in Rage, and Treason bite the Chain.

Let no black Scenes affright the *Brittish* Stage,
Thy Thread of Life prolong our Golden Age,
Long blefs the Earth : Then rise and shine on high
The fairest Glory of the Western Sky ;
There check the Rays of each Malignant Star,
Heal the dire Pestilence, forbid the War,
Warm the chill North, Sooth the two Rugged Bears,
And stretch thy Peaceful Influence to the Southern
Spheres.

T O

Mr. John Lock

Retired from

The World of Buſineſs.

I.

ANGELS are made of Heavenly Things,
And Light and Love our Souls compoſe,
Their Blis within their Boſom ſprings,
Within their Boſom flows.

But narrow Minds ſtill make pretence
To ſearch the Coaſts of Fleſh and Sence,
And fetch Diviner Pleaſures thence.

Men are akin to Ethereal Forms,
But they belye their Nobler Birth,
Debaſe their Honour down to Earth,
And claim a ſhare with Worms.

II.

He that has Treasures of his own
May leave the Cottage or the Throne,
May Quit the Globe, and dwell alone
Within his spacious Mind.

L O C K hath a Soul wide as the Sea,
Calm as the Night, bright as the Day,
There may his vast Idea's play,
Nor feel a Thought confin'd.

TO
Mr. JOHN SHUTE
ON

Mr. L O C K's Dangerous Sick-
ness sometime after he had re-
tired to study the Scriptures.

June 1704.

I.

AND must the Man of wondrous Mind
(Now his rich Thoughts are just refin'd)
Forfake our Longing Eyes?

Reason at length submits to wear
The Wings of *Faith*, and Lo they rear
Her Chariot high, and nobly bear
Her Prophet to the Skies.

II.

Go, Friend, and wait the Prophet's Flight,
Watch if his Mantle chance to light

And seize it for thy own ;

SHUTE is the Darling of his Years,
Young *SHUTE* his better Likeness bears,
All but his Wrinkles and his Hairs

Are copy'd in his Son.

III.

Thus when our Follies or our Fau'ts
Call for the Pity of thy Thoughts,

Thy Pen shall make us wise :

The Sallies of whose Youthful Wit
Could pierce the *British* Fogs with Light,
Place our true Interest in our Sight,

And open half our Eyes.

F R I E N D -

FRIENDSHIP.

T O

Mr. *William Nokes.*

1702.

I.

FRIENDSHIP, thou Charmer of the Mind,
Thou sweet deluding Ill,
The brightest Minute Mortals find,
And sharpest Hour we feel.

II.

Fate has divided all our shares
Of Pleasure and of Pain,
In Love the Comforts and the Cares
Are mix'd and joyn'd again.

III.

III.

But whilst in Floods our Sorrow rolls,
And Drops of Joy are few,
This dear Delight of Mingling Souls
Serves but to swell our Woe.

IV.

Oh ! why should Bliss depart in haste,
And Friendship stay to moan ?
Why the fond Passion cling so fast,
When every Joy is gone ?

V.

Yet never let our Hearts divide,
Not Death dissolve the Chain :
For Love and Joy were once ally'd,
And must be joyn'd again.

T O

Nathanael Gould Esq;

Lawful Ambition.

1704.

I.

TIS not by Splendor, or by State,
Majestick Mien, or lofty Gate

My Muse takes Measure of a King:
If Wealth or Height or Bulk will do,
She calls each Mountain of *Peru*

A more Exalted thing.

Frown on me, Friend, if e're I boast
O're Fellow Minds, enslav'd in Clay,
Or swell when I shall have ingross't
A larger Heap of Shining Dust,

And wear a bigger Load of Earth than they.

Let

Let the vain World Salute me loud,
 My Thoughts look inward, and forget
 The Sounding Names of High and Great,
 The Flatteries of the Crowd.

II.

When *GOULD* commands His Ships to run
 And Search the Traffick of the Sea,
 His Fleet o'retakes the falling Day,
 And bears the Western Mines away,
 Or Richer Spices from the Rising Sun :
 While the glad Tenants of the Shoar
 Shout and pronounce him Senator,
 Yet still the Man's the same :
 For well the Happy Merchant knows
 The Soul with Treasure never grows,
 Nor swells with airy Fame.

III.

But trust me *GOULD*, 'tis lawful Pride
 To rise above the mean Controul
 Of Flesh and Sence to which we're ty'd ;
 This is Ambition that becomes a Soul.

We steer our Course up thro' the Skies,
Farewel this Barren Land :
We ken the Heavenly Shoar with longing Eyes,
There the dear Wealth of Spirits lies,
And beckoning Angels stand.

T O

Dr. Thomas Gibson.

The Life of Souls.

1704.

I.

SWIFT as the Sun rolls round the Day
We hasten to the Dead,
Slaves to the Wind we puff away,
And to the Ground we tread.
'Tis Air that lends us Life, when first
The vital Bellows heave ;

Our

Our Flesh We borrow of the Dust,
 And when a Mothers Care has Nurst
 The Babe to Manly size, we must
 With Usury pay the Grave.

Juleps still tend the dying Flame,
 And Roots and Herbs play well their Game
 To save our sinking Breath,
 While *G I B S O N* brings his awful Power
 To rescue the precarious Hour
 From the Demands of Death.

II.

I'de have a Life to call my Own
 That shall depend on Heaven alone;
 Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Sea
 Mix their base Essences with mine,
 Nor claim Dominion so Divine
 To give me leave to Be.

III.

Sure there's a Mind within, that reigns
 O're the dull current of my Veins,
 I feel the Inward Pulse bear high
 With vigorous Immortality:

Let Earth resume the Flesh it gave,
And Breath dissolve amongst the Winds ;
GIBSON, the things that fear a Grave,
That I can loose, or You can save,
Are not akin to Minds.

IV.

We claim acquaintance with the Skies,
Upward our Spirits hourly rise,
And there our Thoughts Employ :
When Heaven shall sign our Grand Release,
We are no Strangers to the Place,
The Business, or the Joy.

T O

My Brothers *E.* and *T.W.*

False Greatness.

1698.

I.

BROTHERS, forbear to call him Blest
That only has a large Estate,
Should all the Treasures of the West
Meet and Conspire to make him Great.
Let a broad Stream with Golden Sands
Thro' all his Meadows roll,
He's but a Wretch with all his Lands
That wears a narrow Soul.

II.

He swells amidst his wealthy Store,
And proudly poizing what he weighs,

In his own Scale he fondly lays
Huge Heaps of Shining Oar,
He spreads the Balance wide to hold
His Mannors and his Farms,
And cheats the Beam with Loads of Gold
He hugs between his Arms.
So might the Plough-boy climb a Tree,
When *Cræsus* mounts his Throne,
And both stand up and smile to see
How long their Shadow's grown ;
Alas! how vain their Fancies be,
To think that Shape their own.

III.

Thus mingled still with Wealth and State
Cræsus himself can never know ;
His true Dimensions, and his Weight
Are far inferiour to their show ;
Were I so tall to reach the Pole,
Or grasp the Ocean with my Span,
I must be measur'd by my Soul.
The Mind's the Standard of the Man.

T O

Mr. *A. S.* and Mr. *T. H.*

STRICT RELIGION
Exceeding Rare.

1705.

I.

I'ME born aloft and leave the Croud,
 I sail upon a Morning-Cloud
 Skirted with dawning Gold :
 Mine Eyes beneath the opening Day
 Command the Globe with wide survey,
 Where Ants in busie Millions play
 And tug and heave the Mould.

II.

“ Are These the things, my Passion cry'd,
 “ That we call Men ? Are These ally'd
 “ To the fair Worlds of Light ?

“ They

“ They have ras’d out their Maker’s Name
“ Grav’n on their Minds with pointed Flame
“ In Strokes Divinely bright.

III.

“ Wretches, they hate their Native Skies :
“ If an Ethereal Thought arise
“ Or Spark of Vertue shine,
“ With cruel Force they damp its Plumes,
“ Choke the Young Fire with sensual Fumes,
“ And Chain their Souls to Sin.

IV.

“ Lo, how they throng with panting Breath
“ The broad descending Road
“ That leads unerring down to Death,
“ Nor miss the Dark Abode.

Thus while I drop a Tear or two
On the wild Herd, a Noble Few
Dare to stray upward, and pursue
Th’ unbeaten Way to God.

I meet their Spirits mounting high,
SHALLET I saw, and *HUNT* was there,
They break thro' loads of Pondrous Care,
With Morning Incense up they Fly
 Perfuming all the Air.
Charm'd with the Pleasure of the Sight
 My Soul adores and Sings:
“ Bleft be the Power that aids their Flight,
“ That streaks their Path with heavenly Light,
 “ And gives them Zeal for Wings.

O N
The Sudden Death
O F
Mrs. Mary Peacock.
1695.

An Elegiack Song.

I.

HARK ! She bids all her Friends Adieu ;
Some Angel calls her to the Spheres ;
Our Eyes the radiant Saint pursue
Thro' liquid Telescopes of Tears.

II.

Farewell, bright Soul, a short Farewel
Till We shall meet again above
In the sweet Groves where Pleasures dwell,
And Trees of Life bear Fruits of Love.

III.

III.

There Glory sits on every Face,
There Friendship smiles in every Eye,
There shall our Tongues relate the Grace
That led us homeward to the Sky.

IV.

O're all the Names of Christ our King
Shall our harmonious Voices rove,
Our Harps shall sound from every String
The Wonders of his bleeding Love.

V.

Come Sovereign Lord, Dear Saviour come,
Remove these separating Days,
Send thy bright Wheels to fetch us home ;
That Golden Hour, how long it stays !

VI.

How long must we lie ling'ring here,
While Saints around us take their Flight ?
Smiling they quit this dusky Syhere,
And mount the Hills of Heavenly Light.

VII.

VII.

Sweet Soul, we leave thee to thy Rest,
Enjoy thy *Jesus* and thy God,
Till we from Bands of Clay releas'd
Spring out and climb the shining Road.

VIII.

While the Dear Dust she leaves behind
Sleeps in thy Bosom, Sacred Tomb ;
Soft be her Bed, her Slumbers Kind,
And all her Dreams of Joy to come.

T O T H E

Reverend Mr. *B. Rowe*.

'Tis Dangerous to follow
the Multitude.

I.

ROWE, if we make the Croud our Guide
Thro' Life's uncertain Road,
Mean is the Chase ; and wandering wide
We miss th' Immortal Good.
Men live at random and by Chance,
Bright Reason never leads the Dance ;
Whilst in the broad and beaten Way
O're Hills and Dales from Truth we stray,
To Ruin we descend, to Ruin we advance.

II.

Wisdom retires, she hates the Crowd,
And with a decent Scorn
Aloof she climbs her steepy Seat,
Where nor the Grave nor Giddy Feet
Of the Learn'd Vulgar or the Rude
Have e're a Passage worn.

III.

Meer Hazard first began the Track
Where Custom leads her Thousands blind
In willing Chains and strong;
There's not one bold, one noble Mind
Dares tread the fatal Error back,
But Hand in Hand our selves we bind
And drag the Age along.

IV.

Mortals, a Savage Herd, and loud
As Billows on a noisy Flood
In rapid order roll :
Example makes the Mischief good :
With jocund Heel we beat the Road
Unheedful of the Goal.

Me let some Friendly Seraph's Wing
 Snatch from the Crowd, and bear Sublime
 To Wisdom's lofty Tower,
 Thence to survey that wretched Thing
 Mankind ; and in Exalted Rhime
 Bless the delivering Power.

T O

My Sisters S. and M. W

An Epistle.

Dear Sisters,

READ the Love of my Heart in the first Line of
 my Letter, and believe it. I'm much concern'd
 to hear of my Mother's continued Weakness ; we take
 our Share of those painful Disorders of Nature which
 afflict her whom we Honour and Love : I know all
 that your Hurries of Business must be more than dou-
 bled thereby ; but we are daily leaving Care and Sin
 behind us : The past Temptations shall vex us no more
 th.

the Months that are gone return not, and the Sorrows that we hourly feel lessen the decreed Number ; every Pulse beats a Moment of Pain away, and thus by Degrees we arrive nearer to the sweet Period of Life and Trouble.

Bear up (my dear Ones) thro' the ruffling Storms
Of a vain vexing World : Tread down the Cares
Those ragged Thorns that lie across the Road,
Nor spend a Tear upon 'em. Trust me, *Sisters*,
The Dew of Eyes will make the Briars grow.
Nor let the distant Phantom of Delight
Too long allure your Gaze, or swell your Hope
To dangerous size : If it approach your Feet
And court your Hand, forbid the Intruding Joy
To sit too near your Heart : Still may our Souls
Claim Kindred with the Skies, nor mix with Dust
Our betterborn Affections : Leave the Globe
A Nest for Worms, and hasten to our Home.

O there are Gardens of th' Immortal Kind
That Crown the Heavenly *Edens* rising Hills
With Beauty and with Sweets ; no Lurking Mischief
Dwells in the Fruit, nor Serpent twines the Boughs :
The

The Branches bend Laden with Life and Bliss
 Ripe for the Taste; but 'tis a steep Ascent:
 Hold fast the * Golden Chain let down from Heaven,
 'Twill help your Feet and Wings; I feel its Force
 Draw upward: Fasten'd to the Pearly Gate
 It Guides the Way unerring: Happy Clue
 Thro' this dark Wild! 'Twas Wisdom's Noblest
 Work,
 All joyn'd by Power Divine, and every Link is Love.

Sisters,

*Accept the sudden Rapture kindly. The Muse is
 not awake every Day, if she has a Moments Release
 from the Lethargy, see, 'tis devoted to serve and
 please you———&c.*

June 15. 1704.

* The Gospel.

T O

Mr. C. and S. *Fleetwood.*

The World Vain.

A N D

The Soul Immortal.

1701.

1.

FLEETWOODS, Young Generous Pair,
Despise the Joys that Fools pursue ;
Bubbles are light and brittle too,
Born of the Water and the Air.
Try'd by a Standard Bold and Just
Honour and Gold are Paint and Dust ;
How vile the last is, and as vain the first :

Things

Things that the Crowd calls Great and Brave,
 With me how low their Value's brought !
 Titles, and Names, and Life, and Breath,
 Slaves to the Wind and born for Death ;
 The Soul's the only Thing We have
 Worth an Important Thought.

II.

The Soul ! 'tis of th' Immortal Kind,
 Not form'd of Fire, or Earth, or Wind,
 Outlives the mouldring Corps, and leaves the Globe
 behind.

In Limbs of Clay tho' She appears,
 Dreft up in Ears and Eyes,
 The Flesh is but the Souls Disguise,
 There's nothing in her Frame kin to the Rags she
 Wears.

From all the Laws of Matter free,
 From all we feel, and all we see
 She stands Eternally distinct, and must for ever Be.

III.

Rise then, my Thoughts, on high,
 Soar beyond all that's made to Dye ;

Lo! on an Awful Throne
Sits the Creatour and the Judge of Souls,
Whirling the Planets round the Poles,
Winds off our Threads of Life, and brings our Pe-
riods on.
Swift the Approach, and Solemn is the Day,
When this Immortal Mind
Strip't of the Body's coarse Array
To Endless Pain, or Endless Joy
Must be at once consign'd.

I V.

Think of the Sands run down to waste,
We possess none of all the Past,
None but the Present is our own;
Grace is not plac'd within our Power,
'Tis but one short, one shining Hour,
Bright and declining as a Setting Sun.
See the white Minutes wing'd with haste;
The NOW that flies may be the last,
Seize the Salvation e're 'tis past,
Nor mourn the Blessing gone:

A Thoughts Delay is Ruine here,
 A Closing Eye, a Gasping Breath
 Shuts up the Golden Scene in Death,
 And drowns you in Despair.

T O

Mr. William Blackbourn.

Life flies too fast to be
 Wasted.

1723.

Quæ tegit canas modo Bruma valles

Sole vicinos jaculante montes

Deteget rursum——— Casimir. Lib. 2. Od. 2.

I.

MARK, how it Snows ! how fast the Vally fills ?
 And the *sweet Groves* the hoary Garment wear ;
 Yet the Warm Sun-Beams bounding from the Hills
 Shall melt the Vail away, and the young Green appear.

But

II.

But when Old Age has drop't upon your Head
Her Silver Frost, there's no returning Sun ;
Swift rolls our Autumn, swift our Summer's fled,
When Youth, and Love, and Spring, and Golden
Joys are gone.

III.

Then Cold, and Winter, and your Aged Snow
Stick fast upon you ; not the rich Array,
Nor the Green Garland, nor the Rosy Bough
Shall cancel or conceal the Melancholy Gray.

IV.

The Chase of Pleasure is not worth the Pains,
While the Bright Sands of Health run wasting down
And Honour calls you from the softer Scenes
To sell the gaudy Hour for Ages of Renown.

V.

'Tis but one Youth and short that we can have,
And one Old Age dissolves our feeble Frame ;
But there's a Heavenly Art t' elude the Grave,
And with the Heroe-Race Immortal Kindred claim.

Stands firm on its own Base, and reigns as wide,
As Absolute ; and sways ten thousand Slaves,
Lusts and wild Fancies with a Sovereign Hand.

We are a little Kingdom : But the Man
That chains his Rebel Will to Reasons Throne
Forms it a large one, *ATWOOD*, whilst his Mind
Makes Heaven its Council, from the Rolls above
Draws his own Statutes, and with Joy obeys.

'Tis not a Troop of Well-appointed Guards
Create a Monarch, not a Purple Robe
Dy'd in the Peoples Blood, not all the Crowns
Or dazling Tiars that bend about the Head,
Tho' Gilt with Sun-Beams and beset with Stars.
A Monarch He that Conquers all his Fears
And treads upon them ; when he stands alone,
Makes his own Camp ; four Guardian Virtues wait
His Nightly Slumbers and secure his Dreams.
Now dawns the Light ; He ranges all his Thoughts
In square Battalions, bold to meet th' Attacks
Of Time and Chance, himself a numerous Host,

All Eye, all Ear, all wakeful as the Day,
Firm as a Rock, and moveless as the Centre.

In vain the Harlot Pleasure spreads her Charms
To lull his Thoughts in Luxuries fair Lap
To sensual Ease, (the Bane of little Kings,
Monarchs whose waxen Images of Souls
Are moulded into Softness) still his Mind
Wears its own Shape, nor can the Heavenly Form
Stoop to be model'd by the wild Decrees
Of the mad Vulgar, that unthinking Herd.

He lives above the Crowd, nor hears the Noise
Of Wars and Triumphs, nor regards the Shouts
Of Popular Applause, that empty Sound,
Nor feels the flying Arrow of Reproach,
Or Spite, or Envy. In himself secure,
Wisdom his Tower, and Conscience is his Shield,
His Peace all Inward, and his Joys his Own.

Now my Ambition swells, my Wishes soar,
This be my Kingdom; sit above the Globe

My 'Rising Soul, and dress thy self around
And shine in Virtues Armour; Climb the height
Of Wisdoms lofty Castle, there reside
Safe from the Smiling and the Frowning World.

Yet once a Day drop down a gentle Look
On the great Molehill, and with pitying Eye
Survey the Busie Emmets round the Heap
Crowding and Bustling in a Thousand Forms
Of Strife and Toil, to purchase Wealth and Fame,
A Bubble or a Dust: Then call thy Thoughts
Up to thy self to feed on Joys unknown,
Rich without Gold, and Great without Renown,

PART II.

O R

The Bold Stoick.

Honour demands my Song. Forget the Ground
My Generous Muse, and sit amongst the Stars;
There sing the Soul, that Conscious of her Birth
Lives like a Native of the Vital World
Amongst these dying Clods, and bears her State
Just to her self: How nobly she maintains
Her Character, Superiour to the Flesh,
She weilds her Passions like her Limbs, and knows
The Brutal Powers were only born t' obey.

This is the Man whom Storms could never make
Meanly complain, nor can a flatt'ring Gale
Make him talk proudly: He hath no Desire
To read his Secret Fate; yet unconcern'd

And

And calm could meet his unborn Destiny
In all its Charming or its Frightful Shapes.

He that unshrinking and without a Groan
Bears the first Wound may finish all the War
With meer Courageous Silence, and come off
Conqueror : For the Man that well conceals
The heavy Strokes of Fate he bears 'em well.

He, tho' th' *Atlantick* and the *Midland* Seas
With adverse Surges meet, and rise on high
Suspended 'twixt the Winds, then rush amain
Mingled with Flames upon his Single Head
And Clouds and Stars and Thunder, he would stand
And from the lofty Castle of his Mind
Sublime look down and Joyfully Survey
The Ruins of Creation ; he alone
Heir of the Dying World : A piercing Glance
Shoots upwards from between his closing Lids
To reach his Birth-place, then without a Sigh
He bids his batter'd Flesh lie gently down
Amongst its Native Rubbish ; while his Soul

Breaths and flies upward, an undoubted Guest
Of the third Heaven, th' unruinable Sky.

Thither when Fate has brought Our willing Souls,
No matter whether 'twas a Sharp Disease,
Or a sharp Sword that help'd the Travellers on,
And push'd us to our Home. Bear up my Friend,
My *ATWOOD*, and break thro' the Surging Brine
With stedd' Prow ; Know, we shall once arrive
At the fair Haven of Eternal Bliss
To which we ever steer ; whether as Kings
Of wide Command we've spread the Spacious Sea
With a broad Painted Fleet, or Row'd along
In a thin Cockboat with a little Oar.

There let my narrow Plank shift me to Land
And I'll be happy, thus I'll leap Ashore
Joyful and fearless on the Immortal Coast,
Since all I leave is Mortal, and it must be lost.

Free Philosophy.

To the much Honoured

Mr. Thomas Rowe.

T H E

Director of my Youthful Studies.

I.

CUSTOM, that Tyranness of Fools,
That leads the Learned round the Schools
In Magick Chains of Forms and Rules,

My Genius storms her Throne :

No more ye Slaves with Awe profound
Beat the dull Track, nor dance the Round,
Loose Hands, and quit th' Enchanted Ground,
Knowledge invites us each alone.

I I.

I hate these Shackles of the Mind

Forg'd by the haughty Wife ;

Souls were not born to be confin'd,

And led like *Sampson* Bound and Blind :

I love thy gentle Influence, *R O W E*,

Who only dost Advise :

Thy gentle Influence like the Sun

Only dissolves the Frozen Snow,

Then bids our Thoughts like Rivers flow,

And chuse the Channels where they run.

I I I.

Thoughts should be free as Fire or Wind ;

The Pinions of a Single Mind

Will thro' all Nature fly :

But who can drag up to the Poles

Long fetter'd Ranks of Leaden Souls ?

My Genius which no Chain controuls

Roves with Delight, or deep or high :

Swift I survey the Globe around,

Dive to the Centre thro' the Solid Ground,

Or travel o're the Sky.

To the Reverend

Mr. John Howe.

THE
Vanity of Human Cares.

1704.

I.

GREAT Man, permit the Muse to climb
And seat her at thy Feet,

Bid her attempt a Thought sublime,

And consecrate her Wit.

I feel, I feel th' attractive Force

Of thy superiour Soul,

My Chariot flies her upward Course,

The Wheels Divinely roll.

Now let me chide the mean Affairs

And mighty Toyl of Men:

How

How they grow grey in trifling Cares,
Or waſt the Motions of the Spheres
Upon Delights as vain !

II.

A Puff of Honour fills the Mind,
And Yellow Duſt is ſolid Good ;
Thus like the Aſs of Savage Kind
We ſnuff the Breezes of the Wind,
Or ſteal the Serpents Food.

Could all the Choirs
That charm the Poles

But ſtrike one doleful Sound,
'Twould be imploy'd to mourn our Souls,
Souls that were fram'd of Sprightly Fires
In Floods of Folly drown'd.

Souls made of Glory ſeek a Brutal Joy,

How they diſclaim their Heavenly Birth,
Melt their Bright Subſtance down with droſſy Earth,
And hate to be refin'd from that impure Alloy.

III.

Oft has thy Genius rous'd us hence
With Elevated Song,

Bid us renounce this World of Sence,
Bid us divide th' Immortal Prize

With the Seraphick Throng :

“ Knowledge and Love make Spirits blest,
“ Knowledge their Food and Love their Rest ;
But Flesh, the unmanageable Beast,
Resists the Pity of thine Eyes

And Musick of thy Tongue.

Then let the Worms of groveling Mind
Round the short Joys of Earthy Kind

In restless Windings Roam ;
HOWE hath an ample Orb of Soul,
Where shining Worlds of Knowledge roll,
Where Love the Center and the Pole
Compleats the Heaven at Home.

T O

*Mr. Nicholas Clark.**January 170½.***Complaining of Vapors,**

O R,

Disorders of the Head.

I.

TWAS in a Vale where Osyrs grow
 By murm'ring Streams we told our Woe,
 And mingled all our Cares :
 Friendship sat pleas'd in both our Eyes,
 In both the weeping Dews arise
 And drop alternate Tears.

II.

II.

The Vigorous Monarch of the Day
How mounted half his Morning Way
Shone with a fainter Bright,
Still sickning and decaying still
Dimly he wander'd up the Hill
With his Expiring Light.

III.

In dark Eclipse his Chariot roll'd,
The Queen of Night obscur'd his Gold
Behind her Sable Wheels :
Nature grew sad to loose the Day,
The Flow'ry Vales in Mourning lay,
In Mourning stood the Hills.

IV.

Such are our Sorrows, *C L A R K*, I cry'd,
Clouds of the Brain grow black, and hide
Our darkned Souls behind ;
In the young Morning of our Years
Distempering Fogs have climb'd the Spheres,
And Choke the Lab'ring Mind.

V.

Lo the Gay Planet rears his Head

And overlooks the Lofty Shade

New-bright'ning all the Skies :

But say, Dear Part'ner of my Moan,

When will our long Eclipse be gone,

Or when our Suns arise ?

VI.

In vain are potent Herbs apply'd,

Harmonious Sounds in vain have try'd

To make the Darkneſs fly.

But Drugs would raiſe the Dead as ſoon,

Or clatt'ring Braſs relieve the Moon,

When fainting in the Sky.

VII.

Some friendly Spirit from above,

Born of the Light, and nurs't with Love,

Aſſiſt our feebl' Fireſ ;

Force theſe Invading Glooms away ;

Souls ſhould be ſeen quite thro' their Clay

Bright as your Heavenly Choirs.

VIII.

But if the Fogs must damp the Flame,
Gently, kind Death, dissolve our Frame,
Release the Prisoner-Mind :
Our Souls shall mount at thy Discharge
To their bright Source, and shine at large
Nor clouded, nor confin'd.

U P O N

The Dismal Narrative

O F T H E

Afflictions of a Friend.

1702.

i.

NOW let my Cares all buried lie,
My Griefs for ever Dumb :
Your Sorrows swell my Heart so high
They leave my own no Room.

M

II.

II.

Sickness and Pains are quite forgot,
The Spleen itself is gone,
Plung'd in your Woes I feel them not,
Or feel them all in One.

III.

Infinite Grief puts Sense to flight,
And all the Soul invades :
So the broad Gloom of spreading Night
Devours the Evening Shades.

IV.

Thus am I born to be Unblest !
This Sympathy of Woe
Drives my own Tyrants from my Breast
T' admit a Forreign Foe,

V.

Sorrows in long Succession reign ;
Their Iron Rod I feel,
Friendship has only chang'd the Chain,
But I'me the Pris'ner still.

VI.

Why was this Life for Misery made?

Or why drawn out so long?

Is there no room amongst the Dead?

Or is a Wretch too Young?

VII.

Move faster on, Great Nature's Wheel,

Be kind, ye rolling Powers,

Hurl my Days headlong down the Hill

With undistinguisht Hours.

VIII.

Be dusky all my rising Suns,

Nor smile upon a Slave:

Darkness and Death, make hast at once

To hide me in the Grave.

THE
REVERSE;

ON THE

View of some of my Friends remaining Comforts.

I.

THUS Nature tun'd her Mournful Tongue,
Till Grace lift up her Head,
Revers'd the Sorrow and the Song,
And smiling thus she said.

II.

Were kindred Spirits born for Cares?
Must every Grief be mine?
Is there a Sympathy in Tears,
And Joys refuse to Joyn?

III.

III.

Forbid it Heav'n, and raise my Love,
And make our Joys the same :
So Bliss and Friendship joyn'd above
Mix an Immortal Flame.

IV.

Sorrows are lost in vast Delight
That Brightens all the Soul,
As Deluges of dawning Light
O'rewhelm the Dusky Pole.

V.

Pleasures in long Succession reign
And all my Powers Imploy :
Friendship but shifts the pleasing Scene,
And fresh repeats the Joy.

VI.

Life has a soft and silver Thread,
Nor is it drawn too long,
Yet when my vaster Hopes perswade
I'me willing to be gone.

VII.

Fast as ye please roll down the Hill,
And hast away, my Years;
Or I can wait my Father's Will,
And dwell beneath the Spheres.

VIII.

Rise glorious every future Sun,
And bright be all my Days,
Till Death that brightest Moment come
With well-distinguish't Rays.

To the Right Honourable

J O H N Lord CUTTS.

[*At the Siege of Namure.*]

The Hardy Soldier.

I.

- “ **O** Why is Man so thoughtless grown?
“ Why guilty Souls in haste to dye?
“ Vent’ring the Leap to Worlds unknown,
“ And heedless to the Battel fly?

II.

- “ Are Lives but worth a Soldiers Pay?
“ Why will ye joyn such wide Extreams?
“ And stake Immortal Souls in play
“ At desperate Chance and Bloody Games?

III.

“ Valour’s a nobler Turn of Thought,
 “ Whose pardon’d Guilt forbids her Fears :
 “ Calmly she meets the deadly Shot
 “ Secure of Life above the Stars.

IV.

“ But Frenzy dares Eternal Fate,
 “ And spurr’d with Honour’s Airy Dreams
 “ Flies to Attack th’ Infernal Gate,
 “ And force a Passage to the Flames.

V.

Thus hov’ring o’re *NAMURIA*’s Plains
 Sung Heav’nly Love in *Gabriel*’s form :
 Young *THRASO* felt the moving Strains,
 And Vow’d to pray before the Storm.

VI.

Anon the Thundring Trumpet calls,
 “ My Vows be damn’d, the Hero cries,
 Then Swears by Heav’n, and Scales the Walls,
 Drops in the Ditch, despairs, and dies.

Against Tears.

The beginning of Ode 23. Book 4. of *Casimire*
Imitated.

Si, quæ flent mala, lugubres
Auferrent Oculi, &c.

T O

Mrs. B. Bendish.

M A D A M, I.

COULD you persuade me Tears were Good
To wash our Mortal Cares away,
These Eyes of mine should weep a Flood,
And Stream into a Briny Sea.

II.

Or if these Orbs are hard and dry,
(These Orbs that never use to Rain)
I'de part with all I'me worth to buy
One Sovereign Drop for all my Pain.

III.

III.

Were both the Golden *Indies* mine,
I'dè give both *Indies* for a Tear ;
I'dè Barter all but what's Divine,
Nor should I think the Bargain Dear.

IV.

But Tears, alas, are trifling Things,
They rather feed than heal our Woe ;
From trickling Eyes new Sorrow springs,
As Weeds in Rainy Seasons grow.

V.

Thus Weeping urges Weeping on ;
In vain our Miseries hope Relief,
For one Drop calls another down,
Till we are drown'd in Seas of Grief.

VI.

Then let your streaming Tears be staid,
Wear Native Courage on your Face :
These Vulgar Things were never made
For Souls of a Superior Race.

VII.

If 'tis a Thorny Path you go,
And thousand Foes your Steps surround,
Stamp the Thorns down, Charge thro' the Foe :
The Hardest Fight is Highest Crown'd.

A Word of Warning,

O R

Few Happy Marriages.

August 1721.

I.

SAY, Mighty Love, and teach my Song
To whom thy Sweetest Joys belong,
And who the Happy Pairs
Whose Yielding Hearts and Joyning Hands
Find Blessings twisted with their Bands
To soften all their Cares.

II.

II.

Not the Wild Herd of Nymphs and Swains
That thoughtless fly into the Chains

As Custom leads the way :
If there be Bliss without Design,
Ivys and Oaks may grow and twine,
And be as Blest as they.

III.

Not Sordid Souls, whose Earthy Mould
Drawn by Congenial Charms of Gold

To dull Embraces move :
So two Rich Mountains of *Peru*
May rush to Wealthy Marriage too,
And make a World of Love.

IV.

Not the Mad Tribe that Hell inspires
With Wanton Flames ; those raging Fires

The Purer Bliss destroy :
On *Ætna's* top let Furies Wed,
And Sheets of Lightning dress the Bed
T' improve the Burning Joy.

V.

Nor the Dull Pairs whose Marble Forms
None of the melting Passions warms,

Can mingle Hearts and Hands :

Logs of green Wood that quench the Coals
Are Married just like Stoick Souls,
With Ofyers for their Bands.

V I.

Not Minds of Melancholy Strain
Still Silent, or that still Complain,

Can the dear Bondage bless :

As well may Heavenly Consorts spring
From two old Lutes with ne're a String,
Or none besides the Bass.

V I I.

Nor can the soft Enchantments hold
Two Jarring Souls of Angry Mould,

The Rugged, and the Keen :

Sampson's young Foxes might as well
In Bonds of Cheerful Wedlock dwell

With Fire-brands ty'd between.

VIII.

Nor let the Cruel Fetters bind
A Gentle to a Savage Mind ;

For Love abhors the Sight :
Loose the fierce Tyger from the Deer,
For native Rage and native Fear
Stand and forbid Delight.

IX.

Two Kindest Souls alone must meet ;
'Tis Friendship makes the Bondage sweet,

And feeds their mutual Loves :
Bright *Venus* on her Rolling Throne
Is drawn by gentlest Birds alone,
And *Cupids* Yoke the Doves.

T O
Mr. Henry Bendish.

August 24. 1705.

Dear S I R,

THE following Song was yours when first compos'd : The Muse then described the general Fate of Mankind, that is, to be Ill-match'd : And now she rejoices that you have escaped the common Mischief, and that your Soul has found its own Mate. Let this Ode then Congratulate you Both : Grow mutually in more compleat Likeness and Love ; Persevere and be Happy : Accept from the Press what the Pen more privately inscribed to you.

The

The *Indian* Philosopher,

OR

Matches made Above, But Broke in coming down.

September 3. 1701.

I.

WHY should our Joys transform to Pain?
Why gentle *Hymen's* Silken Chain
A Plague of Iron prove?

BENDISH, 'tis strange the Charm that binds
Millions of Hands should leave their Minds
At such a loose from Love.

II.

In vain I fought the wondrous Cause,
Rang'd the wide Fields of Natures Laws,
And urg'd the Schools in vain ;

Then

Then deep in Thought, within my Breast
My Soul retir'd, and Slumber drest
A bright Instructive Scene.

III.

O're the broad Lands and 'cross the Tide
On Fancies Airy Horse I ride,
(Sweet Rapture of the Mind)
Till on the Banks of Ganges Flood
In a tall Ancient Grove I stood
For Sacred Use design'd.

IV.

Hard by a Venerable Priest
Ris'n with his God the Sun from Rest
Awoke his Morning-Song ;
Thrice he conjur'd the Murm'ring Stream ;
The Birth of Souls was all his Theme,
And half Divine his Tongue.

V.

“ He Sang th' Eternal rolling Flame ;
“ That Vital Mass, that still the same
“ Does all our Minds compose ;

- “ But shap’d in twice ten thousand Frames,
 “ Thence differing Souls of differing Names,
 “ And Jarring Tempers rose.

V I.

- “ The mighty Power that form’d the Mind
 “ One Mould for every Two design’d,
 “ And blest’d the New-born Pair :
 “ This be a Match for This, he said,
 “ Then down he sent the Souls he made
 “ To seek them Bodies here :

V I I.

- “ But parting from their warm Abode
 “ They lost their Fellows on the Road,
 “ And never joyn’d their Hands :
 “ Ah cruel Chance, and crossing Fates !
 “ Our *Eastern* Souls have dropt their Mates
 “ On *Europes* Barbarous Lands.

V I I I.

- “ Happy the Youth that finds the Bride
 “ Whose Birth is to his own ally’d,
 “ The Sweetest Joy of Life :

“ But Oh the Crowds of Wretched Souls

“ Fetter'd to Minds of different Moulds,

“ And chain'd t' Eternal Strife !

I X.

Thus Sang the wondrous *Indian* Bard,

My Soul with vast Attention heard,

While *Ganges* ceas'd to flow :

“ Sure then, I cry'd, might I but see

“ That gentle Nymph that twinn'd with me,

“ I may be Happy too.

X.

“ Some Courteous Angel tell me where,

“ What distant Lands this unknown Fair

“ Or distant Seas detain ?

“ Swift as the Wheel of Nature rolls

“ I'de fly to meet and mingle Souls,

“ And wear the Joyful Chain.

T O

David Polhill Esq;

An Epistle.

Decemb 1702.

I.

LET uselefs Souls to Woods retreat,
P O L H I L L should leave a Country Seat
 When Vertue bids him dare be Great.

II.

Nor *Kent*, nor *Suffex* should have Charms
 While Liberty with Loud Alarms
 Calls you to Counfels and to Arms.

III.

Lewis by his own Slaves Ador'd
 Bids you receive a Base-born Lord :
 Awake your Cares! Awake your Sword !

IV.

IV.

Young *Tory* Votes to Rule the People
By High-Church; Can you Swear and Tipple,
And fetch Commissions from the Steeple?

V.

Thy Grandfire-shades with Jealous Eye
Frown down to see their Offspring lie
Careless, and let their Country die.

VI.

If *Trevia* fear to let you stand
Against the *Gaul* with Spear in Hand,
At least *Petition* for the Land.

T O

David Polhill Esq;

A N

Answer to an Infamous SATYR,
CALL'D,*Advice to a Painter,*

Written chiefly against

King *WILLIAM III.*

Of Glorious Memory.

1697.

P A R T I.

AND must the Hero that redeem'd our Land
 Here in the Front of Vice and Scandal stand?
 The Man of Wondrous Soul, that Scorn'd his Ease
 Tempting the Winters and the faithless Seas,

And

And paid an Annual Tribute of his Life
 To guard his *England* from the *Irish* Knife
 And crush the *French* Dragoon? Must *WILLIAM*'s Name

That brightest Star that gilds the Wings of Fame,
WILLIAM the Brave, the Pious, and the Just
 Adorn these gloomy Scenes of Tyranny and Lust?

POLHILL, my Blood's a Fire, my Spirits flame;
 Vengeance and Darkness on the Poets Name:
 Why smother the Skies not? Why no Thunders roll?
 Nor kindling Lightnings blast his guilty Soul?
 Audacious Wretch! to stab a Monarch's Fame,
 And fire his Subjects with a Rebel-Flame,
 To call the Painter to his Black Designs
 To draw our Guardian's Face in Hellish Lines:
 Painter beware! the Monarch can be shown
 Under no Shape but Angels or his own,
GABRIEL or *WILLIAM* on the *Brittish* Throne.

Oh! could my Thoughts but grasp the vast Design,
 And Words with Infinite Ideas joyn,

I'de rouse *Apelles* from his Iron Sleep,
 And bid him trace the Warriour o're the Deep :
 Trace him *Apelles*, o're the *Belgian* Plain,
 Fierce, how he climbs the Mountains of the Slain }
 Scattering Just Vengeance thro' the Red Campaign. }
 Then dash the Canvas with a flying Stroke
 Till it be lost in Clouds of Fire and Smoak,
 And say, 'Twas thus the Conqueror thro' the Squa- }
 drons broke. }

Mark him again emerging from the Cloud
 Far from his Troops ; there like a Rock he stood }
 His Countries Single Barrier in a Sea of Blood. }
 Calmly he leaves the Pleasures of a Throne,
 And his *MARIA* Weeping ; whilst alone }
 He wards the Fate of Nations, and provokes his own: }
 But Heav'n secures its Champion ; o're the Field
 Paint hov'ring Angels ; tho' they fly conceal'd, }
 Each intercepts a Death, and wears it on his Shield. }

Now, noble Pencil ; lead him to our Isle,
 Mark how the Skies with Joyful Lustre smile,

Then

Then imitate the Glory ; on the Strand
 Spread half the Nation longing till he Land.
 Wash off the Blood, and take a peaceful Teint,
 All Red the Warriour, White the Ruler paint,
 Abroad a Hero, and at Home a Saint.

}
}

Throne him on high upon a shining Seat,
 Lust and Prophaneness dying at his Feet,
 While round his Head the Lawrel and the Olive
 meet,

}
}

The Crowns of War and Peace ; and may they blow
 With Flow'ry Blessings ever on his Brow.

At his right Hand pile all the *English* Laws
 In Sacred Volumes ; thence the Monarch draws
 His Wife and Just Commands————

Rise ye Old Sages of the *Brittish* Isle,
 On the fair Tablet cast a reverend Smile
 And bless the Peice ; these Statutes are your own,
 That sway the Cottage, and direct the Throne ;
 People and Prince are one in *WILLIAM*'s Name,
 Their Joys, their Dangers, and their Laws the same.

Let

Let Liberty and Right with Plumes display'd
Clap their glad Wings around their Guardian's
Head,

Religion o're the rest her Starry Pinions spread.

Religion guards him; round the Imperial Queen,

Place waiting Vertues, each of Heav'nly Mien;

Learn their bright Air, and paint it from his Eyes,

The Just, the Bold, the Temperate, and the Wise

Dwell in his Looks : Majestick, but Serene;

Sweet, with no Fondness; Cheerful, but not Vain:

Bright without Terror; Great, without Disdain.

His Soul inspires us what his Lips command,

And spreads his brave Example thro' the Land,

Not so the former Reigns ;———

Bend down his Ear to each afflicted Cry,

Let Beams of Grace dart gently from his Eye ;

But the bright Treasures of his Sacred Breast

Are too Divine, too Vast to be exprest,

Colours must fail where Words and Numbers faint,

And leave the Hero's Heart for Thought alone to
paint.

P A R T II.

NOW Muse, pursue the Satyrift again,
Wipe off the Blotts of his Invenom'd Pen ;
Hark, how he bids the Servile Painter draw
In monstrous Shapes the Patrons of our Law ;
At one slight Dash he cancels every Name
From the white Rolls of Honesty and Fame :
This Scribbling Wretch marks all he meets for Knave,
Shoots sudden Bolts promiscuous at the Base and
Brave,

And with unpardonable Malice sheds
Poison and Spite on undistinguish'd Heads.
Painter, forbear ; or if thy bolder Hand
Dares to attempt the Villains of the Land,
Draw first this Poet, like some baleful Star
With silent Influence shedding Civil War ;
Or Faction's Trumpeter, whose Magick Sound
Calls off the Subjects to the Hostile Ground,
And scatters Hellish Feuds the Nation Round.

} These

These are the Imps of Hell, that cursed Tribe
That first create the Plague, and then the Pain de-
scribe.

Draw next above, the Great Ones of our Isle,
Still from the Good distinguishing the Vile;
Seat 'em in Pomp, in Grandeur, and Command,
Peeling the Subjects with a greedy Hand :
Paint forth the Knaves that have the Nation sold,
And tinge their greedy Looks with sordid Gold.
Mark what a selfish Faction undermines
The Pious Monarch's generous Designs,
Spoil their own Native Land as Vipers do,
Vipers that tear their Mothers Bowels thro'.
Let great *NASSAW* beneath a careful Crown
Mournful in Majesty, look gently down,
Mingling soft Pity with an Awful Frown :
He grieves to see how long in vain he strove
To make us blest, how vain his Labours prove
To save the stubborn Land he condescends to Love.

TO THE
Discontented and Unquiet.

Vertue alone makes the
Mind Easie.

Imitated partly from *Casimire* : Book 4. Ode 15.

Nil est, Munati, nil iterum canam

Mortale nil est immedicabilis

Immune tādî, &c.

MADAM, There's nothing here that's free
From wearisome Anxiety :
And the whole Round of Mortal Joys
With short possession tires and cloy :
'Tis a dull Circle that we tread
Just from the Window to the Bed,

We

We rise to see and to be seen,
Gaze on the World a while, and then
We Yawn and Stretch to Sleep again.
But F A N C Y, that uneasy Guest
Still holds a Lodging in our Beast ;
She finds or frames Vexations still,
Her self the greatest Plague we feel.

We take strange Pleasure in our Pain,
And make a Mountain of a Grain,
Assume the Load, and pant and sweat
Beneath th' Imaginary Weight.
With our dear selves we live at strife,
While the most constant Scenes of Life
From Peevish Humours are not free ;
Still we affect Variety :
Rather than pass an Easie Day,
We Fret and Chide the Hours away,
Grow weary of this Rolling Sun,
And vex that he should ever run
The same old Track ; and still, and still
Rise red behind yon Eastern Hill,

And chide the Moon that darts her Light
Thro' the same Casement every Night.

We shift our Chambers* and our Homes
To dwell where Trouble never comes :
Sylvia has left the City Croud,
Against the Court exclaims aloud,
Flies to the Woods ; a Hermit-Saint !
She loaths her Patches, Pins, and Paint,
Dear Diamonds from her Neck are torn :
But HUMOUR, that Eternal Thorn
Sticks in her Heart : She's hurry'd still
'Twixt her Wild Passions and her Will :
Haunted and hagg'd where're she roves
By purling Streams, and silent Groves,
Or with her Furies, or her Loves.

Then our own Native Land we hate,
Too Cold, too Windy, or too Wet ;
Change the thick Climate, and repair
To *France* or *Italy* for Air ;

In vain we change, in vain we fly ;
 Go *Sylvia*, mount the Whirling Sky,
 Or ride upon the Feather'd Wind ;
 In vain ; If this Diseased Mind
 Clings fast and still sits close behind.
 Faithful Disease, that never fails
 Attendance at her Ladies side
 Over the Desert or the Tide
 On rolling Wheels or flying Sails.

Happy the Soul that Vertue shows
 To fix the place of her Repose,
 Needleless to move ; for she can dwell
 In her Old Grandfire's Hall as well.
 V E R T U E that never loves to roam,
 But sweetly hides her self at Home,
 And easy on a Native Throne
 Of humble Turf sits gently down.

Yet should Tumultuous Storms arise
 And mingle Earth and Seas, and Skies,

Should the Waves swell, and make her roll
Across the Line or near the Pole,
Still She's at Peace; for well She knows
To lanch the Stream that Duty shows,
And makes her Home wher'ere She goes.
Bear her, ye Seas, upon your Breast,
Or waft her, Winds, from East to West
On the soft Air; She cannot find
A Couch so easie as her Mind,
Nor breathe a Climate half so kind.

}

}

O

TO

TO

*John Hartopp Esq;**July 1700.*

Youth and Pleasure tar-
ry not.

*Casimire, Book 1. Ode 4. Imitated.**Vive jucunda metuens juventæ, &c.*

I.

LIVE, my Dear *HARTOPP*, live to Day,
Nor let the Sun look down and say,

“ Inglorious here he lies.

Shake off your Ease, and send your Name
To Immortality and Fame

By ev'ry Hour that flies.

II.

Youth's a soft Scene, but trust her not,
Her Airy Minutes swift as Thought
Slide off the Slipp'ry Sphere ;
Moons with their Months make hasty Rounds,
The Sun has pass'd his Vernal Bounds
And whirls about the Year.

III.

Let Folly dress in Green and Red,
And Gird her Waist with flowing Gold,
Knit blushing Roses round her Head,
Alas! the gaudy Colours fade,
The Garment waxes old.

HARTOPP, mark the withering Rose,
And the pale Gold how dim it shows!

IV.

Bright and lasting Bliss below
Is all Romance and Dream;
Only the Joys Cœlestial flow
In an Eternal Stream.

The Pleasures that the Smiling Day
With large Right hand bestows,

Falsly her Left conveys away

And shuffles in our Woes.

So have I seen a Mother play

And Cheat her Silly Child,

She gave and took a Toy away,

The Infant cry'd, and smil'd.

V.

Airy Chance and Iron Fate

Hurry and Vex our Mortal State,

And all the Race of Ills create ;

Now fiery Joy, now fullen Grief

Commands the Reins of Human Life,

The Wheels impetuous roll ;

The harneſt Hours and Minutes ſtrive,

And Days with ſtretching Pinions drive

down fiercely on the Goal.

VI.

Not half ſo faſt the Gally flies

O're the *Venetian* Sea,

When Sails and Oars and laboring Skies

Contend to make her Way.

Swift Wings for all the flying Hours

The God of Time prepares,

They rest lie still yet in their Nest

And grow for future Years.

TO

Thomas Gunston Esq;

1700.

Happy Solitude.

Casimire Book 4. Ode 12. Imitated.

Quid me latentem, &c.

I.

THE noisy World complains of me
That I should shun their Sight, and flee
Visits, and Crowds and Company.

GUNSTON, the Lark dwells in her Nest
 Until she mount the Skies ;
 And in my Closet I could rest
 Till to the Heavens I rise.

II.

Yet they will urge, “ This private Life
 “ Can never make you Blest,
 “ And twenty Doors are still at Strife
 “ T’ engage you for a Guest?
 Friend, should you see the *Louvre*, or *Whitehall*
 Open their Royal Gates, and call,
 And wait for *WATTS* to come,
 He has no Business there at all
 Who finds so much at Home.

III.

When I within my self retreat,
 I shut my Doors against the Great ;
 My busy Eyeballs inward roll,
 And there with large survey I see
 All the wide Theatre of Me,
 And view the various Scenes of my retiring Soul ;
 There I walk o’r the Mazes I have trod,

While

While Hope and Fear are in a doubtful Strife
 Whether this *Opera* of Life
 Be acted well to gain the Plaudit of my God.

I V.

There's a Day hastning, ('tis an Awful Day)
 When the great Sovereign shall at large review
 All that we speak and all we do,
 The several Parts we act on this wide Stage of Clay:
 These he approves, and those he blames,
 And Crowns perhaps a Porter, and a Prince he Damns.
 O if the Judge from his tremendous Seat
 Shall not condemn what I have done,
 I shall be Happy tho' unknown,
 Nor need the gazing Rabble, nor the shouting Street,

V.

I hate the *Glory*, Friend, that springs
 From Vulgar Breath and empty Sound;
Fame mounts her upward with a Flatt'ring Gale
 Upon her Airy Wings
 Till *Envy* Shoots, and *Fame* receives the Wound;
 Then her flagging Pinions fail,

Down *Glory* falls and strikes the Ground
And breaks her batter'd Limbs.

Rather let me be quite conceal'd from *Fame* ;
How happy I should lye
In Sweet Obscurity,

Nor the Loud World pronounce my little Name !
Here I could live and dye alone ;
Or if Society be due
To keep our Taſt of Pleaſure new,
GUNSTON, I'de live and die with you,
For both our Souls are one.

VI.

Here we could ſit and paſs the pleaſing Hour,
And Pity Kingdoms and their Kings,
And ſmile at all their ſhining Things,
Their Toys of State, and Images of Power ;
Vertue ſhould dwell within our Seat,
Vertue alone could make it ſweet,
Nor is her ſelf ſecure but in a cloſe Retreat.
While ſhe withdraws from publick Praise
Envy perhaps would ceaſe to rail,

Envy it self may innocently gaze

At Beauty in a Vail.

But if she once advance to Light,

Her Charms are lost in *Envy's* Sight,

And *Vertue* is the Mark of Universal Spight.

T O

John Hartopp Esq;

T H E

Disdain of Sensual Joys.

1704.

HARTOPP, I love the Soul that dares
Tread the Temptations of his Years
Beneath his Youthful Feet :

FLEETWOOD and all thy Heavenly Line
Look thro' the Stars, and Smile Divine
Upon an Heir so Great.

Young

Young *HARTOPP* knows this Noble Theme,
That the wild Scenes of Busie Life,
The Noise, th' Amusements, and the Strife
Are but the Visions of the Night,
Gay Phantoms of delusive Light,
Or a Vexatious Dream.

II.

Flesh is the vilest and the least
Ingredient of our Frame,
We're born to live above the Beast,
Or quit the Manly Name :
Pleasures of Sence we leave for Boys,
Be shining Dust the Miser's Food,
Let Fancy feed on Fame and Noise ;
Souls must pursue Diviner Joys,
And seize th' Immortal Good.

EPISTOLA.

Fratri suo dilecto R. W.
J. W. S. P. D.

Rursum tuas, Amande Frater, Accepi Literas, eodem fortassè momento quo meæ ad te pervenerunt ; Idemque qui te scribentem vidit Dies, meum ad Epistolare munus excitavit Calamum ; Non Inane est inter nos Fraternum nomen, unicus enim Spiritus nos intus animat, agitque, & Concordes in ambobus efficit motus : O Utinam crescat indiès, & vigescat mutua Charitas ; faxit Deus, ut amor sui nostra incendat & defæcet pectora, tunc etenim & alternis puræ Amicitia flammis erga nos invicem Divinum in modum ardebimus ; Contemplemur JESUM nostrum, Cæleste illud & adorandum Exemplar Charitatis. Ille est

Qui quondam æterno delapsus ab *Æthere* Vultus
 Induit Humanos, ut posset Corpore nostras
 Heu miseras sufferre vices; Sponsoris obivit
 Munia, & in sese *Tabula* maledicta *Minacis*
 Transtulit, & sceleris poenas hominisque reatum.

Ecce jacet desertus humi, diffusus in herbam
 integer, innocuas versus sua sidera Palmas
 Et placidum attollens Vultum, nec ad oscula Patries
 Amplexus solitosve: Artus nudatus amictu
 Sidereos, & sponte sinum patefactus ad Iras
 Numinis armati. “ Pater, hic infige * *Sagittas*,
 “ Hæc, ait, iratum sorbebunt Pectora Ferrum,
 “ Abluat *Æthereus* mortalia Crimina Sanguis.

Dixit, & horrendum fremuerunt mœnia Cœli
 Infensusque Deus; (quem jam posuisse paternum
 Musa queri vellet nomen, sed & ipsa fragores
 Ad tantos pavescita file,) Jam dissilit *Æther*,
 Pandunturque fores, ubi duro Carcere regnat
IRA, & Pœnarum Thesauros mille coerces.

* Job 4. 6.

Inde ruunt gravidi vesano Sulphure Nimbi,
 Centuplicisque volant contorta Volumina Flammæ
 In Caput immeritum ; diro hic sub Pondere pressus
 Restat, compressos dumque ardens explicat artus
 † Purpureo Vestes tinctæ sudore madescunt.
 Nec tamen infando *Vindex Regina* labori
 Segniùs incumbit, sed lassos increpat Ignes
 Acritèr, & somno languentem fuscitat * Ensem :
 “ Surge, age, Divinum pete Pectus, & imbue sacro
 “ Flumine mucronem ; Vos hinc, mea Spicula, latè
 “ Ferrea per totum dispergite tormina Christum,
 “ Immensum tolerare valet : Ad pondera Poenæ
 “ Sustentanda hominem suffulciet Incola Numen.
 “ Et tu sacra *Decas Legum*, Violata Tabella,
 “ Ebibe Vindictam ; vastâ satiabere cæde,
 “ Mortalis Culpæ pensabit dedecus ingens
 “ Permissus Deitate Cruor————

Sic fata, immiti contorquet Vulnera Dextrâ
 Dilaniatque Sinus, Sancti penetralia Cordis
 Panduntur, sævis avidus Dolor involat alis,

† Luc. 22. 44.

* Zec. 13. 7.

Atque audax Mentem Scrutatur, & Ilia mordet.
 Interea Servator * Ovat, Victorque Doloris
 Eminent, Illustri † perfusus membra Cruore,
 Exultatque Miser fieri ; nam fortius illum
 Urget Patris honos, & non vincenda Voluptas
 Servandi miseros Sontes. O Nobilis Ardor
 Poenarum ! O quid non Mortalia pectora cogis
 Durus amor ? Quid non Cœlestia ?————

*At subsidat Phantasia, vaneſcant Imagines, Neſcio
 quo me proripuit amens Muſa ; Volui quatuor lineas
 pedibus aſtringere, & Ecce ! Numeri creſcunt in im-
 menſum, dumque concitato Genio laxavi frœna, Vereor
 ne juvenilis Impetus Theologiam læſerit, & audax ni-
 mis Imaginatio. Heri ad me allata eſt Epistoſa indi-
 cans Matrem meliuſculè ſe habere, licet Ignis febrilis
 non prorsus deſervit mortale ejus Domicilium. Plura
 volui, ſed turgidi & creſcentes verſus noluère plura,
 & coarctârunt Scriptionis limites. Vale, Amice Fra-
 ter, & in ſtadio pietatis & artis Medicæ ſtrenuus de-
 curre. Datum à Muſæo meo Londini, xv. Kalend.
 Febr. Anno ſalutis CIO ICXCIII.*

* 2 Col. 14.

† 22 Luc. 44.

TO
Dr. JOHN SPEED
of Southampton.

An EPISTLE,

Occasion'd by his Ingenious Satyr on the *Dissenters*, mingled with his Encomium of Mr. *Lloyd's* Paraphrase on *Solomon's Song*, printed in 8vo. 1682.

TRUE Son of *Phæbus*, Heir t' his Tuneful Quill,

His murdering Arrows, and his healing Skill :

Thy Bills his Med'cines are, his Lyre thy Song,

Thine Heart his Quiver, and his Bow thy Tongue :

* But here's no *Python* : Sooth thine Arms a while,
 And charm thy stately Rigor to a Smile,
 For *Schism* prevails no more ; we love to see
 Our Words and Lines in Couplings well agree
 Nor do we thus *abhor Conformity* !

Hymns may be soft and smooth and comely Drest
 With humane Art, nor savour of the Beast,
 A Lyrick Ode submits to Godly Notes ;
 Harmonious Words no more offend our Throats.

Nor *Rhime*, nor *Tune*, nor Sacred Sense confines
 The Spirit, Freedom flows in tuneful Lines,
 And Conscience feels the Pleasure, nor complains
 Of Impositions, Prisons, Bonds, and Chains,
 Whilst pure Devotion sings and *ANNE* th' Indul-
 gent Reigns.

Then, Sir, Submit with Joy thine Iron Stile
 To the soft Polish of a gentle File ;
 The Courteous Muse shines brightest ; and 'tis fit
Apollo's Heir should deal in kinder Wit.

* Neque semper arcum Tendit Apollo. Horat. lib. 2. Od. 10.

SPEED to his Lute in Artful Numbers sings
Melodious ; till his Angry Bow he brings
Across the Chorded Shell, and hurts the gentler
Strings.

Ad Reverendum Virum

Dom. Johannem Pinborne,

Fidum pueritiæ meæ Præceptorem.

Pindarici Carminis Specimen.

1694.

I.

ET te, *PINORNI*, Musa *Trisantica*
Salutat, ardens discipulam tuam

Graté fateri : Nunc Athenas,

Nunc Latias per amœnitates

Tutò pererrans te recolit Ducem,

Te quondam teneros & Ebraia per asperâ grëssus

Duxisse fidâ manu.

P

Tuo

Tuo pateſcunt lumine Theſpii

Campi atque ad arcem Pieridœn iter.

En altus aſſurgens *Homerus*

Arma Deosque Virosque miſcens

Occupat Æthereum Parnaffi culmen : *Homeri*

Inmenſos ſtupeo Manes — — —

Te, *Maro* dulce canens ſylvas, te bella ſonantem

Ardua, da veniam tenui venerare Camœnâ ;

Tuæque accipias, *Thebane* Vates,

Debita Thura Lyrae.

Vobis, magna Trias ! clariffima Nomina, ſemper

Scrinia noſtra patent, & Pectora noſtra patebunt,

Quum mihi cunque levem conceſſerit otia & horam

Divina *Mofis* pagina.

II.

Flaccus ad hanc Triadem ponatur, at ipſe pudendas

Deponat Veneres : Venias, ſed * *purus & Inſons*

Ut te collaudem, dum *ſordes & mala luſtra*

Ablutus, *Venuſine*, canis rideſve. Recisæ

Hâc lege accedant *Satyræ Juvenalis*, amari

Terrores vitiorum. At longè cæcus abeſſet

* Horat. Lib. 1. Sat. 6.

Perſius, obſcurus *Vates*, niſi lumina circum-
 Fuſa forent, *Sphingisque* ænigmata, *Bonde*, ſcidiffes.
 Grande ſonans *Senecæ* Fulmen, grandisque *Cothurni*
Pompa Sophoclei celſo ponantur eodem
 Ordine, & ambâbus ſimul hos amplectar in ulnis.

Tutò, *Poetæ*, tutò habitabitis

Pictos abacos : Improba *Tinea*

Obiit, nec audet ſæva caſtas

Attingere *Blatta Camænas*.

At tu renidens ſœda *Epigrammatum*

Farrago inertûm, ſtercoris impii

Sentina fœtens, *Martialis*,

In *Barathrum* relegandus imum

Aufuge, & hinc tecum rapias *Catullum*

Infuſè mollem, naribus, auribus

Ingrata caſtis carmina, & improbi

Spurcos *Nafonis* Amores.

III.

Nobilis extremâ gradiens *Caledonis* ab orâ

En *Buchananus* adest. Divini *Pſaltis* Imago

Jeſſiadæ Salveto ; potens ſeu *Numinis* Iras

Fulminibus miſcere, ſacro vel lumine *Mentis*

Fugare noctes, vel Citharæ sono
Sedare fluctus Pectoris.

Tu mihi hærebis comes ambulanti,

Tu domi astabis focius perennis,

Nunc Mensæ tenui simul assidere

Dignabere, nunc Lecticæ.

Mox recumbentis vigilans ad aurem

Aureos suadebis inire Somnos

Sacra sopitis superinferens ob-

livia curis.

Stet juxtà * *Casimirus*, huic nec parciùs Ignem

Natura indulsit, nec Musa armavit Alumnum

* *Sarbivium* rudiore Lyrâ.

Quanta *Polonum* levat aura *Cygnum*!

† *Humana* linquens (en sibi devii

Montes recedant) luxuriantibus

Spatiat in aëre pennis.

Seu tu fortè Virum tollis ad æthera,

Cognatosve Thronos & patrium Polum

Vifurus confurgis ovans,

* M. Casimirus Sarbiewski Poeta insignis Polonus.

† Od. 5. Lib. 2.

Vifum fatigas, aciemque fallis,
Dum tuum à longè ftupear volatum
O non Imitabilis Ales.

I V.

Sarbiui ad nomen gelida incalet
Mufa, fimul totus fervefcere
Sentio, Stellatas levis induor
Alas & tollor in altum.

Jam juga *Zionis* radens pede
Elato inter fidera vertice
Longè defpecto mortalia.

Quam juvat altifonis volitare per æthera pennis,
Et ridere procul fallacia Gaudia fœcli

Terrellæ Grandia inania,
Quæ mortale genus (heu malè) deperit.
O Curas hominum miferas, Cano,
Et miferas nugas Diademata,
Ventofæ fortis Ludibrium!

En mihi fubfidunt Terrenæ à pectore Fæces,
Geflit & effrænis divinum effundere Carmen
Mens afflata Deo —————

—————At vos Heroes & Arma

Et procul este Dii, Ludicra Numina.

Quid mihi cum vestræ pondere Lanceæ,

Pallas ! aut vestris, *Dionyse*, *Thyrsis* ?

Et Clava, & Anguis, & Leo, & *Hercules*,

Et brutum Tonitru fictitii Patris

Abstinate à carmine nostro.

V.

Te, Deus Omnipotens ! Te nostra sonabit *Jesu*

Musa, nec assueto cœlestes Barbiton ausû

Tentabit numeros. Vasti sine limite Numeret

Immensum sine lege Deum numeri sine lege sonabunt.

Sed Musam magna pollicentem destituit vigor,
Divino jubare perstringitur oculorum acies : En labascit pennis, tremit artubus, ruit deorsum per inane
Ætheris, jacet victa, obstupefcit, filet.

Ignoscas Reverende Vir vano conamini, fragmen
hoc rude licèt & impolitur æqui boni Consulas, &
gratitudinis jam diu debitæ in partem reponas.

V O T U M.

S E U

Vita in terris beata.

A D

Virum Dignissimum

Johannem Hartoppium Ba-
ronettum. 1702.

I.

HARTOPPI, longo stemmate nobilis

Venâque Ingenii divite, si roges

Quem mea Musa beat,

Ille mihi Felix ter & ampliùs,

Et similes superis annos agit

Qui sibi sufficiens semper adest sibi.

Hunc longè à curis mortalibus

Inter agros, sylvasque filentes

Se Musifque fuis tranquillâ in pace fruentem
Sol oriens videt & recumbens.

I I.

Non fuæ Vulgi favor insolentis
(Plaufus infani vacuus popelli)
Mentis ad facram penetrabit arcem
Ferat licèt æthera clamor.

Nec Gaza flammans divitis *Indiæ*,
Nec, *Tage*, vestræ fulgor Arenulæ
Ducent ab obscurâ quiete
Ad laquear radiantis Aulæ.

I I I.

O si daretur flamina proprii
Tractare fusi pollice proprio,
Atque meum mihi fingere Fatum ;
Candidus vitæ color innocentis
Fila nativo decoraret Albo
Non *Tyriâ* vitiata conchâ.

Non aurum, non gemma nitens, nec purpura tel
Intertexta forent invidiosa meæ.

Longé à Triumphis, & sonitu Tubæ
Longé remotos transigerem dies,

Abstate Fasces, splendida Vanitas,
Et vos abstate, Coronæ.

IV.

Pro meo tecto casa sit, salubres
Captet Auroras, procul Urbis atro
Diffet à fumo, fugiatque longé
Dura Pthifis mala, dura Tussis.
Displicet Byrsa, & fremitu molesto
Turba Mercantùm; gratiùs alvear
Demulcet aures murmure, gratius
Fons salientis aquæ.

V.

Litigiosa Fori me terrent jurgia, lenes
Ad Sylvas properans rixosas execror artes
Eminus in tuto à Linguis————

Blandimenta artis simul æquus odi,
Valete, Cives! & amæna Fraudis
Verba; proh Mores! & inane Sacri
Nomen Amici!

VI.

Tuque, quæ nostris inimica Musis
Felle sacratum vitias amorem,

Abſis æternùm, Diva libidinis,

Et Pharetrate Puer !

Hinc hinc, *Cupido*, longius avola,

Nil mihi cum fœdis, Puer, ignibus,

Æthereâ fervent face pectora,

Sacra mihi *Venus* eſt *Urania*,

Et juvenis *Jeffæus* Amor mihi.

VII.

Cœleſte carmen (nec taceat lyra

Jeffæa) lætis auribus inſonet,

Nec *Watſianis* è medullis

Ulla dies rapiet vel hora.

Sacri Libelli deliciæ meæ,

Et vos, Sodales, ſemper amabiles,

Nunc ſimul adſitis, nunc viciffim,

Et fallite tædia vitæ.

A
Funeral P O E M
O N

Thomas Gunston Esq;

Presented to

The Right Honourable
The Lady *A B N E Y*
Lady Mayorefs of *London*.

July 1701.

M A D A M,

HAD I been a common Mourner at the Funeral of
the Dear Gentleman deceased, I should have
labour'd after more of Art in the following
Composition to supply the defect of Nature and to feign

a

a Sorrow ; but the uncommon Condescension of his Friendship to Me, the Inward Esteem I pay his Memory, and the vast and tender Sence I have of our Loss make all the Methods of Art needless, whilst natural Grief supplies more than all.

I had resolv'd indeed to lament in Sighs and Silence, and frequently check'd the forward Muse when she brought me Grief in Numbers, and urg'd me to a tune-ful Mourning ; but the Importunity was not to be resisted : Long Lines of Sorrow flow'd in upon my Fancy ere I was aware, whilst I took many a Solitary Walk in the Garden adjoyning to his Seat at Newington : Nor could I free my self from the Melancholy Idea's that crowded themselves upon me, and your Ladyship will find throughout the Poem that the fair and unfinished Building which he had just raised for himself gave almost all the turns of Mourning to my Thoughts, for I pursue no other Topicks of Elegy then what my Passion and my Senses led me to.

The Poem roves as my Eyes and Thoughts did, from one part of the Fabrick to the other : It rises from the Foundation, salutes the Walls, the Doors, and the Windows, drops a Tear upon the Roof, and climbs the Turret that dear Retreat, where I promis'd my self many sweet Hours of his Conversation ; there my Song wanders amongst the delightful Subjects Divine and Moral which used to Entertain our happy leisure, and thence flings her self down to the Fields and the Shady Walks where I so often enjoy'd his pleasing Discourse, and my Sorrows diffuse themselves there without a limit :

I had quite forgotten what I was writing, till I correct my self and rise to the Turret again to lament that Desolate Seat, and how vainly shines the Golden Ball that Crowns it : Thus I have written without rule and with a negligence becoming Woe unfeigned.

Had I design'd a compleat Elegy on your Dearest Brother and intended it for publick View, I should have followed the usual Forms of Poetry, spent whole Pages in the Character and Praises of the Deceased, and thence took occasion to call Mankind to Complain aloud of the Universal and Unspeakable Loss : But I wrote meerly for my self as a Friend of the Dead and to ease my full Soul by breathing out my own Complaint : I knew his Character and Vertues so well that there was no need to mention 'em while I talk'd only with my self, for the Image of them was ever present with me, which kept my Sorrow lively and my Tears flowing with my Numbers,

Perhaps your Ladyship will expect some Divine Thoughts and Sacred Meditations mingled with a Subject so solemn as this is : Had I form'd a Design of offering it to your Hands I had compos'd a more Christian Poem : But 'twas Grief purely natural for a Death so surprizing that drew all the Lines of it, and therefore my highest Reflections are but of a Moral Strain ; Such as it is, your Ladyship requires a Copy of it, but let it not touch your Soul too tenderly, nor renew your own Mournings. Receive it, Madam, as a Sacrifice of Love and Tears offer'd at the Tomb of a Departed Friend, and let it abide with you as a Witness of that Affectionate

Affectionate Respect and Honour that I bore him, all which as your Ladyships most rightful Due both by Merit and Succession, is now humbly offered by

M A D A M,

Your Ladyships most Hearty

and Obedient Servant,

I. Watts.

T O

T O T H E

Dear Memory of my Honoured Friend

Thomas Gunston Esq;

Who Died *November 11. 1700.*

When he had just Finish't his Seat at
N E W I N G T O N .

OF blasted Hopes and of short withering Joys
Sing Heavenly Muse. Try thine Ethereal
Voice.

In Funeral Numbers and a doleful Song ;
GUNSTON the Just, the Generous, and the Young,
GUNSTON the Friend is dead. O Empty Name
Of Earthly Bliss ! 'Tis all an Airy Dream,
All a Vain Thought ! Our Soaring Fancies rise
On treacherous Wings ; and Hopes that touch the
Skies

Drag but a longer Ruine thro' the downward Air,
And plunge the falling Joy but deeper in Despair.

How did our Souls stand flatter'd and prepar'd
To shout him welcome to the Seat he rear'd!
There the Dear Man should see his Hopes Compleat,
Smiling and tasting every lawful Sweet
That Peace and Plenty brings, while numerous Years
Roll'd happy Circles round the Joyful Spheres:
Revolving Suns should still renew his strength,
And draw th' uncommon Thread to an unusual
Length.

But hasty Fate thrusts her dread Shears between,
Cuts the Young Life off, and shuts up the Scene.
Thus Airy *Pleasure* dances in our Sight
And spreads fair Images of Gay Delight
T' allure our Souls, till just within our Arms
The Vision dies, and all the painted Charms
Flee quick away from the pursuing Sight,
Till they are lost in Shades, and mingle with the
Night.

Muse, stretch thy Wings and thy sad Journey bend
 To the fair * Fabrick that thy Dying Friend
 Built Nameless: 'Twill suggest a thousand things
 Mournful and Soft as my *Urania* Sings.

How did he lay the deep † Foundations strong,
 Marking the Bounds, and rear the || Walls along
 Solid and Lasting; there a numerous Train
 Of Happy *GUNSTON*'s might in Pleasure reign
 While Nations perish and long Ages run,
 Nations unborn, and Ages unbegun:
 Not Time it self should waste the Blest Estate,
 Nor the Tenth Race rebuild the Ancient Seat:
 How fond our Fancies are! The Founder Dies
 Childless: His Sisters weep, and close his Eyes,
 And wait upon his Herse with never-ceasing Cries.
 Lofty and Slow it moves unto the Tomb,
 While weighty Sorrow nods on every Plume;

* The House.

† The Foundations.

|| The Walls.

A Thousand Groans his dear Remains convey
 To his cold Lodging in a Bed of Clay,
 His Countries Sacred Tears well-watering all the
 Way.

See the dull Wheels roll on the Sable Load,
 But no dear Son to tread the Mournful Road,
 And fondly kind drop his young Sorrows there,
 The Father's Urn bedewing with a Filial Tear.
 O had he left us One behind to play
 Wanton about the Painted * Hall, and say
 “ *This was my Father's*, with Impatient Joy
 In my fond Arms I'de clasp't the Smiling Boy,
 And call'd him my Young Friend : But Awful Fate
 Design'd the mighty Stroke as lasting as 'twas great.

And must this Building then, this costly Frame
 Stand here for Strangers? Must some unknown
 Name

Possess these † Rooms, the Labours of my Friend ?
 Why were these Walls rais'd for this hapless End ?

* The Hall.

† The Rooms.

Why these Apartments all adorn'd so Gay ?
Why his rich Fancy lavish't thus away ?
Muse, view the * Paintings, how the hovering Light
Plays o're the Colours in a wanton Flight,
And mingled Shades wrought in by soft Degrees
Give a sweet Foyl to all the Charming Piece ;
But Night, Eternal Night hangs black around
The dismal Chambers of the hollow Ground,
And Solid Shades unmingled round his Bed
Stand Hideous : Earthy Fogs embrace his Head,
And noysom Vapours glide along his Face
Rising perpetual. Muse, forsake the place,
Flee the raw Damps of the unwholsome Clay,
Look to his Airy spacious Hall, and say
How has he chang'd it for a loathsome Cave,
Confin'd and Crowded in a narrow Grave !

Th' Unhappy House looks desolate and mourns,
And every † Door groans doleful as it turns ;
The Pillars languish, and each lofty Wall
Stately in Grief, laments the Master's Fall

* The Paintings.

† The Doors.

In drops of Briny Dew ; the Fabrick bears
His faint Resemblance and renews my Tears.
Solid and square it rises from below ;
A Noble Air without a Gaudy Show
Reigns thro' the Model, and adorns the Whole,
Manly and Plain just like the Builders Soul.

O how I love to view the Stately Frame,
That dear Memorial of the best-lov'd Name !
Then could I wish for some prodigious Cave
Vast as his Seat, and silent as his Grave,
Where the tall Shades stretch to the hideous Roof,
Forbid the Day, and guard the Sun-beams off ;
Thither, my willing Feet, shou'd ye be drawn
At the gray Twilight, and the early Dawn ;
There sweetly sad shou'd my soft Minutes roll,
Numbring the Sorrows of my drooping Soul.
But these are Airy Thoughts ! Substantial Grief
Grows by those Objects that should yield Relief ;
Fond of my Woes I heave my Eyes around,
My Grief from every Prospect courts a Wound ;

Views the green Gardens, views the Smiling Skies,
Still my Heart sinks, and still my Cares arise ;
My wandring Feet round the dear Mansion rove,
And there to sooth my Sorrows I indulge my Love.

Oft have I laid the Awful *Calvin* by,
And the sweet *Cowley*, with Impatient Eye
To see those Walls, pay the sad Visit there,
And drop the Tribute of an hourly Tear :
Still I behold some Melancholy Scene,
With many a Pensive Thought, and many a Sigh
between.

Two Days ago we took the Evening Air,
I, and my Grief, and my *Urania* there ;
Say, my *Urania*, how the Western Sun
Broke from Black Clouds, and in full Glory shone
Gilding the Roof, then dropt into the Sea,
And sudden Night devour'd the sweet remains of Day ;
Thus the dear Youth just rear'd his shining Head
From Obscure Shades of Life, and sunk among the
Dead.

The rising Sun adorn'd with all his Light
 Smiles on these Walls again : But endless Night
 Reigns uncontroul'd where the dear *GUNSTON*
 lies,

He's set for ever, and must never rise.

Then why these Beams, Unseasonable Star,
 These lightsome Smiles descending from afar
 To greet a Mourning House ? In vain the Day
 Breaks thro' the * Windows with a joyful Ray,
 And marks a shining Path along the Floors
 Bounding the Evening and the Morning Hours ;
 In vain it bounds 'em : While vast Emptiness
 And hollow Silence reigns thro' all the Place,
 Nor heeds the cheerful change of Nature's Face.
 Yet Natures Wheels will on without controul,
 The Sun will rise, the tuneful Spheres will roll,
 And the two Nightly *Bears* walk round and watch
 the Pole.

See while I speak, high on her Sable Wheel
 Old Night comes rolling up the Eastern Hill :

* The Windows.

Troops of dark Clouds prepare her way ; behold,
 How their brown Pinions Edg'd with Evening Gold
 Spread Shaddowing o're the House, and glide away
 Slowly pursuing the declining Day ;
 O're the broad * Roof they fly their Circuit still,
 Thus Days before they did, and Days to come they
 will ;

But the Black Cloud that Shaddows o're his Eyes
 Hangs there immoveable, and never flies :
 Fain would I bid the Envious Gloom be gone,
 Ah fruitless Wish ! how are his Curtains drawn
 For a long Evening that despairs the Dawn !

Muse, view the † Turret : Just beneath the Skies
 Lonesome it stands, and fixes both mine Eyes
 As it would ask a Tear. O Sacred Seat,
 Sacred to Friendship ! O Divine Retreat !
 Here did I hope my happy Hours t' employ,
 And fed beforehand on the promis'd Joy,
 When weary of the noisy Town, my Friend
 From Mortal Cares retiring shou'd ascend

* The Roof. † The Turret.

And lead me thither. We * alone wou'd sit,
 Free and secure of all Intruding Feet :
 Our Thoughts shou'd stretch their longest Wings
 and rise,

Nor bound their Soarings by the lower Skies :
 Our Tongues shou'd aim at everlasting Themes,
 And speak what Mortals dare, of all the Names
 Of Boundless Joys and Glories, Thrones, and Seats
 Built high in Heaven for Souls : We'd trace the Streets
 Of Golden Pavement, walk each happy Field,
 And climb and tast the Fruits the spicy Mountains
 yield :

Then would we swear to keep the Sacred Road,
 And walk right upwards to the blest Abode :
 We'd charge our parting Spirits there to meet,
 There Hand in Hand approach th' Almighty's Seat }
 And bend our Heads adoring at our Maker's Feet. }
 Thus should we mount on bold adventurous Wings,
 In high Discourse, and dwell on Heavenly things,

* Our Conversation there.

While the pleas'd Hours in sweet Succession move,
And Minutes measur'd as they are above
By ever-circling Joys, and ever-shining Love.

Anon our Thoughts should lower their lofty
Flight,
Sink by degrees, and take a pleasing Sight
A large round Prospect of the spreading Plain,
The Wealthy River, and his Winding Train,
The Smoaky City, and the Busy Men.
How we should smile to see degenerate Worms
Lavish their Lives, and fight for Airy Forms
Of Painted Honour, Dreams of empty sound,
Till Envy rise, and shoot a secret Wound
At swelling Glory ; strait the Bubble breaks,
And the Scenes vanish as the Man awakes :
Then the tall Titles Insolent and Proud
Sink to the Dust, and mingle with the Crowd.

Man is a restless Thing : Still vain and wild,
Lives beyond Sixty, nor outgrows the Child :
His hurrying Lusts still break the Sacred Bound,

To seek new Pleasures on forbidden Ground,
 And buy them all too dear. Unthinking Fool,
 For a short dying Joy to sell a Deathless Soul !
 'Tis but a Grain of Sweetness they can Sow,
 And reap the long sad Harvest of Immortal Woe,

Another Tribe toyl in a different Strife,
 And banish all the lawful Sweets of Life
 To sweat and dig for Gold, to hoard the Oar,
 Hide the dear Dust yet darker than before,
 And never dare to use a Grain of all the Store.

Happy the Man that knows the Value just
 Of Earthly Things, nor is enslav'd to Dust.
 'Tis a rich Gift the Skies but rarely send
 To Fav'rite Souls. Then happy thou, my Friend,
 For thou hadst learnt to Manage and Command
 The Wealth that Heaven bestow'd with Liberal
 Hand :

Hence this fair Structure rose ; and hence this Seat
 Made to invite my not unwilling Feet ;
 In vain 'twas made ! for We shall never meet,

And

And Smile, and Love, and Bless each other here,
The Envious Tomb forbids thy Face t' appear,
Detains thee *GUNSTON* from my longing Eyes,
And all my hopes lie buried where my *GUNSTON*
lies.

Come hither all ye tenderest Souls that know
The heights of Fondness and the depths of Woe,
Young Mothers, who your darling Babes have found
Untimely Murd'ered with a ghastly Wound ;
Ye frightened Nymphs, who on the Bridal Bed
Claspt in your Arms your Lovers Cold and Dead,
Come ; in the Pomp of all your wild Despair
With flowing Eyelids and disorder'd Hair,
Death in your Looks ; come mingle Grief with me,
And drown your little Streams in my unbounded Sea,

You Sacred Mourners of a Nobler Mould
Born for a Friend, whose dear Embraces hold
Beyond all Natures Ties ; you that have known
Two happy Souls made intimately One,

And felt a parting Stroke, 'tis you must tell
 The Smart, the Twinges, and the Racks I feel :
 This Soul of mine that dreadful Wound has born,
 Off from its Side its dearest Half is torn,
 The Rest lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn.
 Oh Infinite Distress! Such raging Grief
 Shou'd command Pity, and despair Relief.
 Passion methinks should rise from all my Groans,
 Give Sense to Rocks, and Sympathy to Stones.

Ye dusky * Woods and ecchoing Hills around
 Repeat my Cries with a perpetual Sound :
 Be all ye flowry Vales with Thorns o'regrown,
 Assist my Sorrows, and declare your own,
 Alas! your Lord is dead. The humble Plain
 Must ne're receive his Courteous Feet again :
 Mourn ye gay smiling Meadows, and be seen
 In Wintry Robes instead of Youthful Green :
 And bid the † Brook that still runs warbling by
 Move silent on, and weep his usefess Channel dry.

* The adjacent Country. † The Brook.

Hither methinks the lowing Herds shou'd come,
And moaning Turtles murmur o're his Tomb :
The Oak shou'd wither, and the curling * Vine
Weep his Young Life out, while his Arms untwine
Their Amorous Folds, and mix his Bleeding Soul
with mine.

Ye stately Elms in your long Order mourn,
Strip off your Pride to dress your Master's Urn :
Here gently drop your Leaves instead of Tears ;
Ye Elms, the Reverend Growth of Ancient Years,
Stand tall and naked to the Blustering Rage
Of the mad Winds ; thus it becomes your Age
To show your Sorrows. Often ye have seen
Our Heads reclin'd upon the rising Green ;
Beneath your Sacred Shade diffus'd we lay,
Here *Friendship* reign'd with an unbounded sway :
Hither our Souls their constant Off'rings brought,
The Burthens of the Breast, and Labours of the
Thought ;

Our opening Bosoms on the Conscious Ground
Spread all the Sorrows, all the Joys we found,

* The Trees.

And mingled every Care ; nor was it known
 Which of the Pains or Pleasures were our own ;
 Then with an equal Hand and honest Soul
 We share the Heap ; yet both possess the Whole,
 And all the Passions there thro' both our Bosoms roll.
 By turns We Comfort, and by turns Complain,
 And Bear and Ease by turns the Sympathy of Pain.

Friendship ! Mysterious Thing, what Magick Powers
 Support thy Sway, and charm these Minds of ours ?
 Bound to thy Foot we boast our Birth-right still,
 And dream of Freedom when we've lost our Will,
 And chang'd away our Souls : At thy Command
 We snatch new Miseries from a Foreign Hand
 To call them ours, and thoughtless of our Ease
 Plague the dear Self that we were born to please.
 Thou Tyranness of Minds, whose Cruel Throne
 Heaps on poor Mortals Sorrows not their own ;
 As tho' our Mother Nature cou'd no more
 Find Woes sufficient for each Son she bore,
 Friendship divides the Shares, and lengthens out
 the Store.

Yet are we fond of thine Imperious Reign,
Proud of the Slavery, wanton in our Pain,
And chide the courteous Hand when Death dissolves
the Chain.

Vertue, forgive the Thought! The raving Muse
Wild and despairing knows not what she does,
Grows mad in Grief, and in her Savage Hours
Affronts the Name she Loves and she adores.
She is thy Votarefs too; and at thy Shrine
O Sacred *Friendship*! offer'd Songs Divine
While GUNSTON liv'd, and both our Souls
were thine.

Here to these Shades at solemn Hours we came
To pay Devotion with a mutual Flame,
And roll'd in Pleasures, while the Evening Breeze
Fann'd the Leaves gently, sporting thro' the Trees,
And the declining Sun with sloping Wheels
Roll'd down the Golden Day behind the Western
Hills.

Mourn ye young * Gardens, ye unfinish't Gates,
Ye Green Inclosures and ye growing Sweets,
Lament, for ye our Midnight Hours have known,
And watch'd us walking by the silent Moon
In Conference Divine, while Heavenly Fire
Kindling our Breasts did all our Thoughts inspire
With Joys almost Immortal ; then our Zeal
Blaz'd and burnt high to reach th' Ethereal Hill,
And Love refin'd like that above the Poles
Threw both our Arms round one anothers Souls
In Rapture and Embraces. Oh forbear,
Forbear, my Song ! this is too much to hear,
Too dreadful to repeat ; such Joys as these
Fled from the Earth for ever !

Oh for a general Grief ! let all things share
Our Woes that knew our Loves . The Neighbour-
ing † Air
Let it be laden with Immortal Sighs,
And tell the Gales, that every Breath that flies

* The Gardens. † The Air.

Over these Fields shou'd murmur and complain,
And kiss the fading Grass, and propagate the Pain.
Weep all ye Buildings, and ye * Groves around
For ever Weep, This is an endless Wound
Vast and Incurable. Ye Buildings knew
His Silver Tongue, ye Groves have heard it too :
At that dear Sound no more shall ye rejoyce,
And I no more must hear the Charming Voice,
Wo to my drooping Soul ! that Heavenly Breath
That could speak Life lies now congeal'd in Death ;
While on his folded Lips all Cold and Pale
Eternal Chains and heavy silence dwell.

Yet my fond Hope would hear him speak again ;
Once more at least, one gentle Word ; and then
GUNSTON aloud I call : In vain I cry
GUNSTON aloud ; for he must ne're reply.
In vain I mourn, and drop these Funeral Tears,
Death and the Grave have neither Eyes nor Ears :

* The Groves.

Wandring I tune my Sorrows to the Groves,
 And vent my swelling Griefs, and tell the Winds our
 Loves;

While the dear Youth Sleeps fast and hears 'em not ;
 He has forgot me : In the lonesome Vault
 Mindless of *W A T T S* and Friendship there he lies
 Deaf and Unthinking Clay.

But whither am I led ? This Artless Grief
 Hurries the Muse on obstinate and deaf
 To all the nicer Rules, and bears her down
 From the tall Fabrick to the Neighbouring Ground :
 The pleasing Hours and the dear Moments past
 In these sweet Fields reviving on my Taft
 Snatch me away resistless with Impetuous haſt.
 Spread thy ſtrong Pinions once again my Song,
 And reach the * Turret thou haſt left ſo long :
 O're the wide Roof its lofty Head it rears,
 Waiting for our Converſe ; but only hears
 The noiſie Tumults of the Realms on high ;
 The Winds ſalute it Whiſtling as they fly,

* The Turret.

Or jarring round the Windows ; Rattling Showers
Lash the fair Sides, above loud Thunder roars,
But still the Master Sleeps ; nor hears the Voice
Of Sacred Friendship, nor the Tempests noise :
An Iron Slumber fits on every Sence,
In vain the Heavenly Thunders strive to rouse it
thence.

One Labour more, my Muse, the Golden * Sphere
Seems to demand: See thro' the Dusky Air
Downward it shines upon the rising Moon,
And as she labours up to reach her Noon,
The Ball pursues her Orb with streaming Light,
And shoots a Golden Day on the Pale Queen of
Night :

But not one Beam can reach the darksome Grave,
Or pierce the solid Gloom that fills the Cave
Where GUNSTON dwells in Death. My waking
Eyes

Saw the last Midnight reigning o're the Skies,

* The Golden Ball.

And Old *Bootes* drove his shining Carr
'Thro' the Midheaven : Behold the Glittering Sphere
Bright as a Burning Meteor born on high,
Or some new Comet glaring thro' the Sky
It flam'd and mingled with the larger Stars ;
In vain (said I) the Golden Comet Glares ;
In vain it stands ; while with a dismal Fall
He sunk beneath the Ground that rais'd the Lofty
Ball.

Now let me call the Joyful Day to mind ;
'Twas a fair Morning ; and the Blustering Wind
Slept in its peaceful Caverns, while he came
Gazing and pleas'd to see the Noble Frame
Crown'd with that shining Orb. “ Stand there, he
“ cries,
“ Thou little Emblem of the boundless Skies
“ Whither my Soul with fiery Passion tends ;
The Emblem stands ; and tells surviving Friends
Of the bright Palace and the Golden Throne
Where the Dear *GUNSTON's* better part is
gone :

His

His eager Thoughts bent on their shining way

Let the Clay drop to mingle with the Clay ;

But his great Soul beyond the Stars is fled :

Then why, my Heart, why should we Mourn him
Dead ?

Strangely, my Thoughts, ye let this cozening Grief
With a false Name impose on your Belief :

It saw the Flesh sink down with closing Eyes

To the cold Earth, and cry'd, 'tis G U N S T O N

Dies :

Mistaken Grief ! to call the Flesh the Friend !

The Heavenly Court saw the Bright Youth ascend, •

Flew to embrace him with Immortal Love,

And sung his Welcome to the Seats above.

The Building firm, and all the Mansions bright,

The Roof high-Vaulted with Æthereal Light :

Beauty and Strength on the tall Bulwarks Sate

In Heavenly Diamond : And for every Gate

On Golden Hinges a broad Ruby turns,

Guards off the Foe, and as it moves it burns.

Millions of Glories Reign thro' every part ;

Infinite Power and Uncreated Art

Stand here display'd, and to the Stranger show
How it out-shines the Noblest Seats below ;
The Stranger just look'd down, and Smil'd upon
 'em too. }

Come, my *Urania*, leave the doleful Strain,
Let Heavenly Notes resume their Joys again ;
In Everlasting Numbers sing, and say,
“ *GUNSTON* the Friend lives still, and wipe
 our Tears away.

AN
ELEGY
ON THE
Reverend Mr. *Tho. Gouge.*

TO
Mr. *Arthur Shallett* Mer-
chant.

Worthy S I R,

THE Subject of the following Elegy was high
in your Esteem and enjoy'd a large share of
your Affections. Scarce doth his Memory need
the Assistance of the Muse to make it perpetual,

But when She can at once pay her Honours to the Venerable Dead, and by this Address acknowledge the Favours She has received from the Living, 'tis a double Pleasure to

S I R,

Your obliged humble Servant,

T O

TO THE
M E M O R Y
OF THE
Reverend Mr. *Tho. Gouge*,
Who Died *January 8. 1⁶⁹⁹/₇₀₀*.

I.

YE Virgin Souls, whose Sweet Complaint
Could teach * *Euphrates* not to flow,
Could † *Sion's* Ruine so Divinely Paint
Array'd in Beauty and in Woe;
Awake, ye Virgin Souls, to mourn,
And with your Tuneful Sorrows dress a Prophet's
Urn.

* Psalm Cxxxvii.

† Lam: I. 2, 3.

O could my Lips, or Flowing Eyes
 But imitate such Charming Grief,
 I'de teach the Seas, and teach the Skies
 Wailings, and Sobs, and Sympathies,
 Nor should the Stones, or Rocks be deaf ;
 Rocks shall have Eyes, and Stones have Ears,
 While *G O U G E*'s Death is Mourn'd in Melody
 and Tears.

I I.

Heaven was impatient of our Crimes,
 And sent his Minister of Death
 To Scourge the bold Rebellion of the Times,
 And to demand our Prophet's Breath ;
 He came commission'd for the Fates
 Of Awful *M E A D*, and Charming *B A T E S*,
 There he essay'd the Vengeance first,
 Then took a dismal Aim and brought great *GOUGE*
 to Dust.

I I I.

Great *G O U G E* to Dust ! How Doleful is the
 Sound ?
 How vast the Stroke is ? And how wide the Wound ?
 Yes,

Yes, 'tis a vast uncommon Death,

Yes, 'tis a Wound unmeasurably wide ;

No Vulgar Mortal Dy'd

When he resign'd his Breath.

The Muse that Mourns a Nations Fall

Shou'd wait at *G O U G E*'s Funeral,

Should mingle Majesty and Groans

Such as she Sings to sinking Thrones,

And in deep-sounding Numbers tell

How *Sion* trembled when this Pillar fell.

Sion grows Weak, and *England* Poor ;

Nature her self with all her Store

Can furnish such a Pomp for Death no more.

I V.

The Reverend Man let all things mourn ;

Sure he was some Æthereal Mind,

Fated in Flesh to be confin'd,

And order'd to be Born.

His Soul was of th' Angelick frame,

The same Ingredients, and the Mould the same,

When the Creator makes a Minister of Flame ;

He was all form'd of Heavenly Things,
 Mortals, believe what my *Urania* Sings,
 For she has seen him rise upon his Flamy Wings.

V.

How would he mount, how would he fly,
 Up thro' the Ocean of the Sky
 Tow'rd the Cœlestial Coast !
 With what amazing swiftness soar
 Till Earth's dark Ball was seen no more
 And all its Mountains lost.
 Scarce could the Muse pursue him with her Sight,
 But, Angels, you can tell,
 For oft you met his Wondrous Flight,
 And knew the Stranger well ;
 Say, how he past the radiant Spheres
 And visited your happy Seats,
 And trac'd the well known Turnings of the Golden
 Streets,
 And walk'd among the Stars.

VI.

Tell how he climb'd the Everlasting Hills
 Surveying all the Realms above,

Born on a Strong-wing'd Faith, and on the Fiery
Wheels

Of an Immortal Love.

'Twas there he took a glorious Sight
Of the Inheritance of Saints in Light,
And read their Title in their Saviour's Right.

How oft the humble Scholar came,
And to your Songs he rais'd his Ears
To learn the Unutterable Name,
To view the Eternal Base that bears

The New Creations Frame.

The Countenance of God he saw
Full of Mercy, full of Awe,

The Glories of his Power, and Glories of his
Grace :

There he beheld the Wondrous Springs
Of those Eternal Sacred Things

The Peaceful Gospel and the Fiery Law
In that Majestic Face.

That Face that all his Gazing Powers employ
With most profound Abasement and exalted Joy.

The Rolls of Fate were half unseal'd,
He stood adoring by ;
The Volumes open'd to his Eye,
And sweet Intelligence he held
With all his shining Kindred of the Sky.

VII.

Ye Seraphs that furround the Throne,
Tell how his Name was thro' the Pallace known,
How warm his Zeal was, and how like your own :
Speak it aloud, let half the Nation hear,
And bold Blasphemers shrink and fear :
Impudent Tongues, to blast a Prophet's Name !
The Poison sure was fetch'd from Hell
Where the old Blasphemers dwell,
To taint the purest Dust, and blot the whitest
Fame.
Impudent Tongues ! You should be darted thro',
Nail'd to your own Black Mouths, and lie
Useless and Dead till Slander die,
Till Slander die with you.

VIII.

“ We saw him, say th’ Ethereal Throng,
 “ We saw his warm Devotions rise,
 “ We heard the fervour of his Cries,
 “ And mixt his Praises with our Song :
 “ We knew the secret Flights of his retiring Hours,
 “ Nightly he wak’d his inward Powers,
 “ Young *Israel* rose to Wrestle with his God,
 “ And with unconquer’d Force scal’d the Cœlestial
 “ Towers
 “ To reach the Blessing down for those that fought
 “ his Blood.
 “ Oft we beheld the Thunderer’s Hand
 “ Rais’d high to crush the Factious Foe ;
 “ As oft we saw the rolling Vengeance stand
 “ Doubtful t’ obey the dread Command,
 “ While his ascending Pray’r withheld the falling
 Blow.

IX.

Draw the past Scenes of thy Delight
 My Muse, and bring the Wondrous Man to Sight.

Place him furrounded as he stood
With Pious Crowds, while from his Tongue
A Stream of Harmony ran soft along,
And every Ear drank in the flowing Good :
Softly it ran its Silver Way,
Till warm Devotion rais'd the Current strong ;
Then fervid Zeal on the sweet Deluge rode,
Life, Love, and Glory, Grace, and Joy
Divinely roll'd promiscuous on the Torrent-Flood,
And bore our Raptur'd Sense away, and Thoughts
and Souls to God.

O might we dwell for ever there !
No more return to breath this grosser Air,
This Atmosphere of Sin, Calamity, and Care.

X.

But Heavenly Scenes soon leave the Sight
While we belong to Clay,
Passions of Terror and Delight
Demand alternate Sway.
Behold the Man whose awful Voice
Could well proclaim the Fiery Law,

Kindle the Flames that *Moses* saw,

And swell the Trumpets Warlike noise.

He stands, the Herald of the Threatning Skies,

Lo, on his Reverend Brow the Frowns Divinely
rise,

All *Sinai's* Thunder on his Tongue, and Lightning
in his Eyes,

Round the high Roof the Curses flew

Distinguishing each guilty Head,

Far from th' unequal War the Atheist fled,

His Kindled Arrows still pursue,

His Arrows strike the Atheist thro',

And fix him down to Dread.

The Marble Heart groans with an inward Wound :

Blaspheming Souls of harden'd Steel

Shriek out amaz'd at the new Pangs they feel,

And dread the Eccho's of the Sound.

The Lofty Wretch Arm'd and Array'd

In gaudy Pride sinks down his Impious Head,

Plunges in dark Despair, and mingles with the Dead.

XI.

Now Muse assume a softer Strain,
 Now soothe the Sinners Raging Smart,
 Borrow of *G O U G E* the wondrous Art
 To calm the Surging Conscience, and assuage the
 Pain.

He from a Bleeding God derives
 Life for the Souls that Guilt had slain,
 And strait the dying Rebel lives,
 The Dead arise again.

The opening Skies almost obey
 His powerful Song, a Heavenly Ray
 Awakes Despair to Light, and sheds a cheerful Day.
 His wondrous Voice rolls back the Spheres,
 Recalls the Scenes of Ancient Years
 To make the Saviour known ;
 Sweetly the flying Charmer roves
 Thro' all his Labours and his Loves,
 The Anguish of his Cross, and Triumphs of his
 Throne.

XII.

Hark, he invites our Feet to try
The steep ascent of *Calvary*,
And sets the fatal Tree before our Eye :
See here Cœlestial Sorrow reigns ;
Rude Nails and ragged Thorns lay by
Ting'd with the Crimson of Redeeming Veins,
In wondrous Words he sung the Vital Flood
Where all our Sins were drown'd,
Words fit to heal and fit to wound,
Sharp as the Spear, and Balmy as the Blood,
In his Discourse Divine
Afresh the Purple Fountain flow'd,
Our falling Tears kept Sympathetick Time
And trickled to the Ground,
While every Accent gave a doleful Sound,
Sad as the breaking Heart-strings of th' Expiring
God.

XIII.

Down to the Mansions of the Dead
With trembling Joy our Souls are lead,
The Captives of his Tongue ;

There the dear Prince of Light reclines his Head
Darkness and Shades among.

With pleasing Horror we survey

The Caverns of the Tomb,

Where the Belov'd Redeemer lay

And shed a sweet Perfume.

Hark, the Old Earthquake roars again

In *G O U G E*'s Voice, and breaks the Chain

Of heavy Death, and tears the Tombs ;

The *Rising God* ! he comes, he comes,

With Throngs of waking Saints, a long triumphing
Train.

XIV.

See the bright Squadrons of the Sky,

Downward on Wings of Joy and Haft they fly,

Meet their returning Sovereign and attend him high.

A shining Carr the Conqueror fills

Form'd of a Golden Cloud ;

Slowly the Pomp rolls up the Azure Hills,

Old *Satan* foams and yells aloud,

And gnaws th' Eternal Brags that binds him to the
Wheels.

The opening Gates of Bliss receive their King,
The Father-God Smiles on his Son,
Pays him the Honours he has won,
The lofty Thrones adore, and little Cherubs Sing.
Behold him on his Native Throne,
Glory sits fast upon his Head ;
Dress't in new Light and Beamy Robes
His Hand rolls on the Seasons and the shining
Globes,
And sways the living Worlds and Regions of the
Dead,

X V.

G O U G E was his Envoy to this Realm below,
Vast was the Trust, and great his Skill,
Bright the Credentials he could shew,
And Thousands own'd the Seal.
His Hallowed Lips could well impart
The Grace, the Promise, and Command :
He knew the Pity of E M M A N U E L's Heart,
And Terrors of J E H O V A H's Hand,
How did our Souls start out to hear
The Embassies of Love he bore,

While every Ear in Rapture hung
Upon the Charming Wonders of his Tongue.

Lifes busie Cares a Sacred Silence bound,
Attention stood with all her Powers,
With fixed Eyes and Awe profound,
Chain'd to the Pleasure of the Sound,
Nor knew the flying Hours.

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XVI.

But Oh! my everlasting Grief!
Heaven has recall'd his Envoy from our Eyes,
Hence Deluges of Sorrow rise,
Nor hope th' Impossible Relief.
Ye Remnants of the Sacred Tribe
Who feel the Loss, come share the Smart,
And mix your Groans with mine:
Where is the Tongue that can describe
Infinite Things with Equal Art,
Or Language so Divine?

Our Passions want the Heavenly Flame,
Almighty Love Breaths faintly in our Songs,
And Awful Threatnings languish on our Tongues;
HOWE is a Great, but single Name.

Amidst

Amidst the Crowd he stands alone ;
Stands yet, but with his Starry Pinions on,
Dress't for the Flight and ready to be gone :
Eternal God, command his Stay,
Stretch the dear Months of his Delay ;
O we could wish his Age were one Immortal Day !
But when the Flaming Chariot's come
And shining Guards t' attend thy Prophet F
Amidst a thousand Weeping Eyes
Send an *Elisha* down, a Soul of Equal Size,
Or burn the Worthless Globe, and take us to the
Skies.

A N
E P I T A P H
 O N
King WILLIAM III.
 Of Glorious Memory,
 Who Died *March* 8th. 1701.

I.

Beneath these Honours of a Tomb
 GREATNESS in humble Ruine lies :
 (How Earth confines in narrow Room
 What Heroes leave below the Skies !)

II.

Preserve, Oh Venerable PILE,
 Inviolate thy Sacred Trust ;
 To thy cold Arms the *BRITISH* Isle
 Weeping commits her Richest Dust.

III.

III.

Ye gentlest Ministers of **FATE** attend;
 Attend the Monarch as he lies,
 And bid the Softest **SLUMBERS** wait
 With Silken Cords to bind his Eyes.

IV.

Rest his dear **SWORD** beneath his Head;
 Round him his Faithful **ARMS** shall stand;
 Fix his bright **ENSIGNS** on his Bed,
 The Guards and Honors of our Land.

V.

Ye Sister Arts of **PAINT** and **VERSE**,
 Place **ALBION** fainting by his Side,
 Her Groans arising 'ore the Herse,
 And **BELGIA** sinking when he Dy'd.

VI.

High o're the Grave **RELIGION** set
 In Solemn Gold: pronounce the Ground
 Sacred, to bar unhallow'd Feet,
 And plant her Guardian **VERTUES** round.

VII.

VII.

Fair **L I B E R T Y** in Sables drest
 Write his lov'd Name upon his Urn,
W I L L I A M, the Scourge of Tyrants past,
 And Awe of Princes yet Unborn.

VIII.

Sweet **P E A C E** his Sacred Relicks keep
 With Olives blooming round her Head,
 And stretch her Wings across the Deep
 To bless the Nations with the Shade.

IX.

Stand on the Pile, Immortal **F A M E**,
 Broad Stars adorn thy brightest Robe,
 Thy thousand Voices sound his Name
 In Silver Accents round the Globe.

X.

F L A T T E R Y shall faint beneath the Sound,
 While Hoary **T R U T H** inspires the Song;
E N V Y grow pale and bite the Ground,
 And **M A L I C E** gnaw her Forky Tongue.

XI.

NIGHT and the GRAVE remove your Gloom;
Darkness becomes the Vulgar Dead;
But GLORY bids the Royal Tomb
Disdain the Horrors of a Shade,

XII.

GLORY with all her Lamps shall burn,
And watch the Warriors sleeping Clay,
Till the last Trumpet rouse his Urn
To aid the Triumphs of the Day.

F I N I S.

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